Week ending October 4 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

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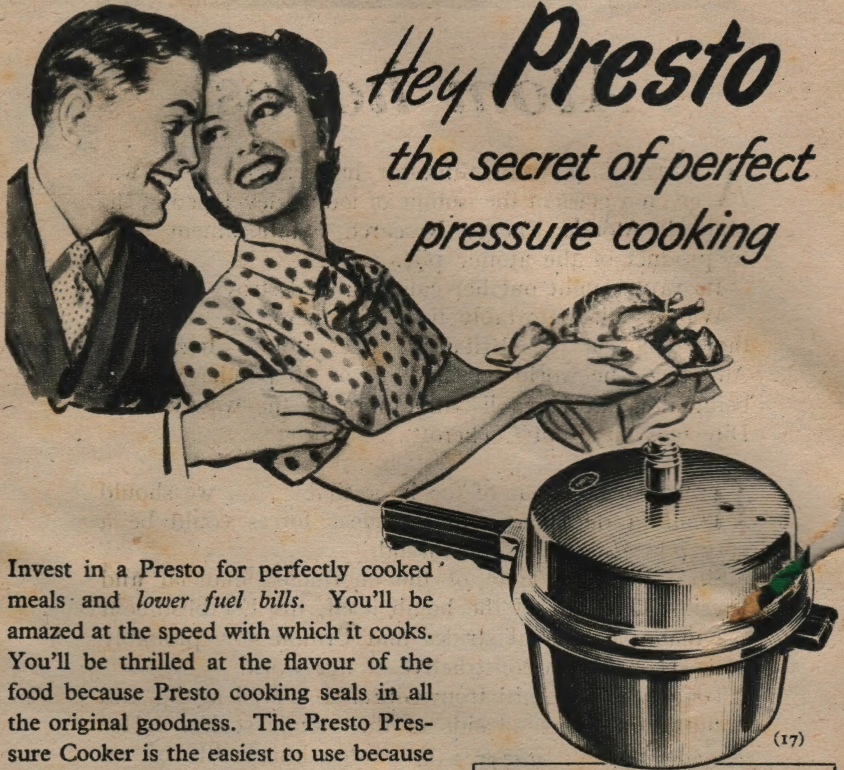
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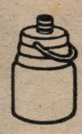

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EDITORIAL

Atom hopes

A little girl from Gibraltar had cancer. She was given a glass of the isotope of iodine developed at the Harwell Atomic Energy Research Establishment as a by-product of the atomic pile.

Its rays sought out her cancer and destroyed it. . . .

Waiting uncomfortably this autumn for the echoes of the explosion of Britain's first atomic bomb off Australia, the world has had reason to ponder what is being done at Harwell—and to recall the words of its Director, Sir John Cockcroft.

He spoke last year of the hope that ". . . we should find in due course that nuclear forces could be a very powerful help to mankind."

Since then, in spite of the enormous financial and physical demands of the bomb itself, his Establishment has made such great strides that Britain now probably leads the world in constructive atomic work.

SIR JOHN
"A powerful help . . ."

Today the little girl from Gibraltar is well again, and standing on the good side of the atomic scales. (Her dose, five-hundredth of an ounce, cost only £5.) And cancer is being fought every day all over the world with radioactive isotopes produced by Britain's scientists at Harwell.

Isotopes of phosphorus can delay death by leukaemia, blood cancer, for years. Radioactive chemicals can define how little of a gangrenous limb need be lost.

They have also been used in research into dropsy and heart-blocks.

In industry, it is hoped that atomic energy will supplement coal as a new and potent source of power. Already, isotopes are being used in Britain to show when furnaces need relining with fire bricks; how thickly metal is being rolled out in continuous strips; and even how many aspirins are put into a bottle.

Isotopes are draining off dangerous static electricity, checking coal dust in the air, finding gas leaks, measuring corrosion, and detecting the amount of fertilizer which plants take from the soil.

Britain can be proud that it is in the forefront with "peaceful atoms"—our exports are ten times greater than those of our nearest competitor, the United States.

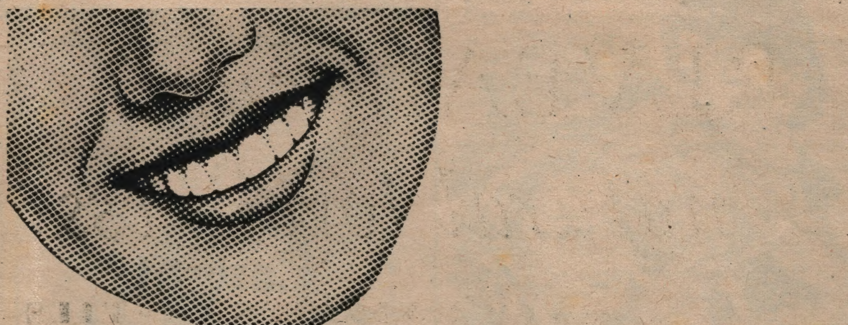
Let this continue and increase.

As the mushroom-shaped cloud of the atomic bomb drifts away, civilization's prayer and hope is that the "silver lining" of its constructive use will develop and help to change all our lives for the better.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Cover artist Douglas L. Mays says: "Burnt toast is a normal feature of our family breakfast. The youngest of my four daughters is the worst culprit. Her idea of minding the toast is to read a comic or to plait her hair. We generally give the charred remains to our hens—they seem to like their toast black." Mays, who is fifty-two, lives in a picturesque country house in Buckinghamshire.

JOHN BULL
THE MAN WHO IS OUT TO BEAT IKE
ESCAPE—OR DIE by Paul Brickhill



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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C 1

OCTOBER 4, 1952 VOL. 92 NUMBER 2414 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

Free Speech

Caught, caged and doomed

HOW ignorant people are of animals and their needs. It seems that they can never, when young, have enjoyed any of the nature books which always surrounded me when I was a child. In the market near my home are several pet-shops. Every Saturday morning I see parents carrying goldfish in cramped glass bowls and white mice enclosed in small boxes, half of which are filled by revolving cages.

I have seen children trying to keep six newts in a milk bottle and toads in biscuit tins. Yet our public libraries are full of books on how to keep pets. If they were widely read, and more down-to-earth natural history was taught in school, fewer pets would be condemned to lingering deaths.—MRS. B. H., Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

Cheek Or Enterprise?

TAKING photographs in Trafalgar Square I was approached by a boy about nine years old, who said: "Do you want me in your picture?" I snapped the fountains with the boy in front, and he said: "That will be sixpence, please." I paid him, and a girl about the same age ran up to me and said: "Madame a foreigner? A coin please—doesn't matter if it's only a London one." The children in the Square are certainly alive to business opportunities. — PATRICIA WHITAKER, 146 Deans Lane, Edgware, Middlesex.

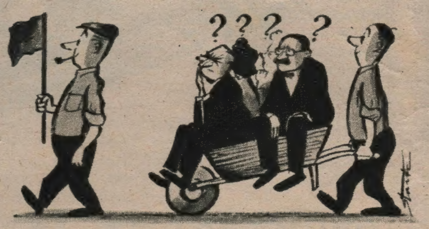
Green Gold

ALONG parts of the Essex coast fishermen have found a more lucrative catch than fish—they dredge up a variety of seaweed that fetches high prices. When treated and dyed it is claimed to be everlasting as a decoration in flower vases and on hats.—A. C. PORTER, 72 New Street, Brightlingsea, Essex.

The seaweed, found mainly in the Thames Estuary and on the east coast, is Sertularia Cupressina, *and resembles maidenhair fern. Quantities are shipped to America, making a valuable export.*

Risks, Incorporated

WHAT hope would the panel of *What's My Line?* (JOHN BULL, September 20) have of guessing my job?



I carry a red flag in front of a man who carries explosives in a munitions factory.—A. H., Lancashire.

Submarine Disaster

ONE of my officers and myself from an escort ship, swam to the aid of a survivor from the submarine *Umpire*, whose sinking in July, 1941, was described in *One Of Our Submarines* (JOHN BULL, August 16). The seaman was nearly exhausted when we saw him in the glare of the searchlights. It was a strange sight to see the sea lit up, and dangerous, too, so close to "E-boat alley." For twenty-four hours my ship and H.M.S. *Woolsey* circled the spot where *Umpire* had gone down, a heart-rending job, particularly as it was Sunday. By an irony of fate the trawler which accidentally rammed her was the former German *Peter Hendriks.*—BRUCE IAN GANT (ex-H.M.S. *Basset*), 9 Sproughton Road, Ipswich.

The "Peter Hendriks" (266 tons) was built at Wesermünde, Germany, in 1935, and was bought by the Aberdeen Steam Trawling and Fishing Co., Ltd. In 1939 she was taken up for naval service and returned to the trade after the war. The trawler is now owned by W. Carnie, of Granton, Edinburgh, and is renamed "Lord Rivers."

Forms, Please

HOUSE-owners faced with heavy bills for repairs (JOHN BULL, August 30) can obtain income tax relief. The claim must be based on the average yearly cost of repairs over five years, receipts must be furnished and if more than one house is owned the claim must cover all the property. The cost of maintenance, repairs and insurance can be shown on Inland Revenue Form No. 99. Maintenance includes interior decoration. If the work is done by the owner himself the cost of materials can be claimed if receipts are put in.—T. J., York.

GREATEST STORIES OF THE PEOPLE BEHIND TV

John Bull's unique series of television articles continues next week with the fascinating story of

LESLIE HARDERN'S INVENTORS' CLUB

Deep Are The Roots

MOVING from one farm to another four miles distant, my father-in-law put his sheepdog Floss into the furniture van. In her new home that night Floss gave birth to three puppies. The next day, mother and family were missing. The farmer who had taken over the farm visited us in the evening. He brought Floss and her pups with him. Somehow, she had taken them to her old home. We could not find out how, but she must have worked very hard and all through the night.—MRS. ELSIE THOMAS, 43 Station Road, Tonyrefail, Glamorgan.

Swimming To Health

THE members of our branch of the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship were interested in the article *Polio Victims Swim Back To Health* (JOHN BULL, September 13). We have two sessions a week at our local baths and the water is heated to eighty-five degrees as muscles work better in warmth. Treatment in the early stages of polio arrests limb wastage considerably. The I.P.F. is striving to obtain similar facilities for victims in every English town.—ARNOLD FOWLER, Chairman, Sheffield Branch, Infantile Paralysis Fellowship, 48 Rushdale Road, Sheffield.

. . . I knew Bertie Bassett, the paralysed London boy, at school. He was a boy of great courage and never complained like some older people. In the tailoring class there was a treadle-operated machine, and sometimes, during the lunch hour, Bertie would sit at the machine and treadle with both feet, exercising his crippled legs.—MALCOLM FOX, 7 Sheridan House, Tarling Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

. . . It was in the summer of 1948 that I first hired Bethnal Green baths for our youth club. Bertie came to watch, and the following week he brought his bathing suit and sat on my shoulders while I walked half the length of the bath. Leslie Farnsworth did more than teach Bertie to swim. He helped him to feel equal to other boys, and I have filmed Bertie playing table tennis, supporting himself with a stick. —R. A. SHAW, Superintendent, King Edward Institution and Good Shepherd Mission, Three Colts Lane, London, E.2.

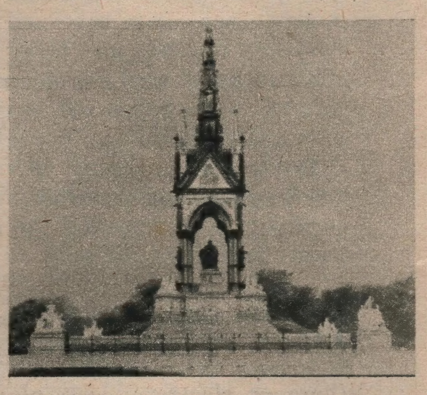
Let's Rock Again

MODERN furniture designers have forgotten the rocking-chair, which is now seldom seen. Is this because the present generation has no time to rock its children, or is the rocking-chair merely old-fashioned? My home is without one but I recall many pleasant hours of rocking in my parents' home. —MRS. VERA GEORGE, 28 Hillcrest Road, Gayton, Northampton.

In Memoriam

WOULD you publish a picture of the Albert Memorial, whatever it is. Every week there is a joke about it on the radio and I have often wondered what is this spectacle that causes so much amusement.—MRS. EDNA KEOGH, 29th Avenue, New Housing Estate, Hull, Yorkshire.

The 175-feet high memorial to the Prince Consort in Kensington Gardens took twenty years and £120,000 to build. The bronze figure of the Prince, holding a catalogue of the 1851 Great Exhibition, is thirteen feet high and weighs nearly ten tons. On the 23,000 sq. ft. platform stand 170 marble figures of history's great men of learning and the arts. The 180 granite steps would make a path nearly two miles long. The memorial was completed in 1872, and in his book, "London," Arthur Mee wrote: ". . . some think it the most beautiful thing they have ever seen and some think otherwise."



Other Men's Gods

RELIGIOUS instruction periods are sometimes badly misused in our schools. Masters often let the form do as they like so long as they are quiet. Could not the period include instruction in other religions? In my form, many boys have said that they would be interested to learn how other races worship, but they had no means of finding out.—W. H. WALMSLEY, 192 Coppice Street, Oldham, Lancs.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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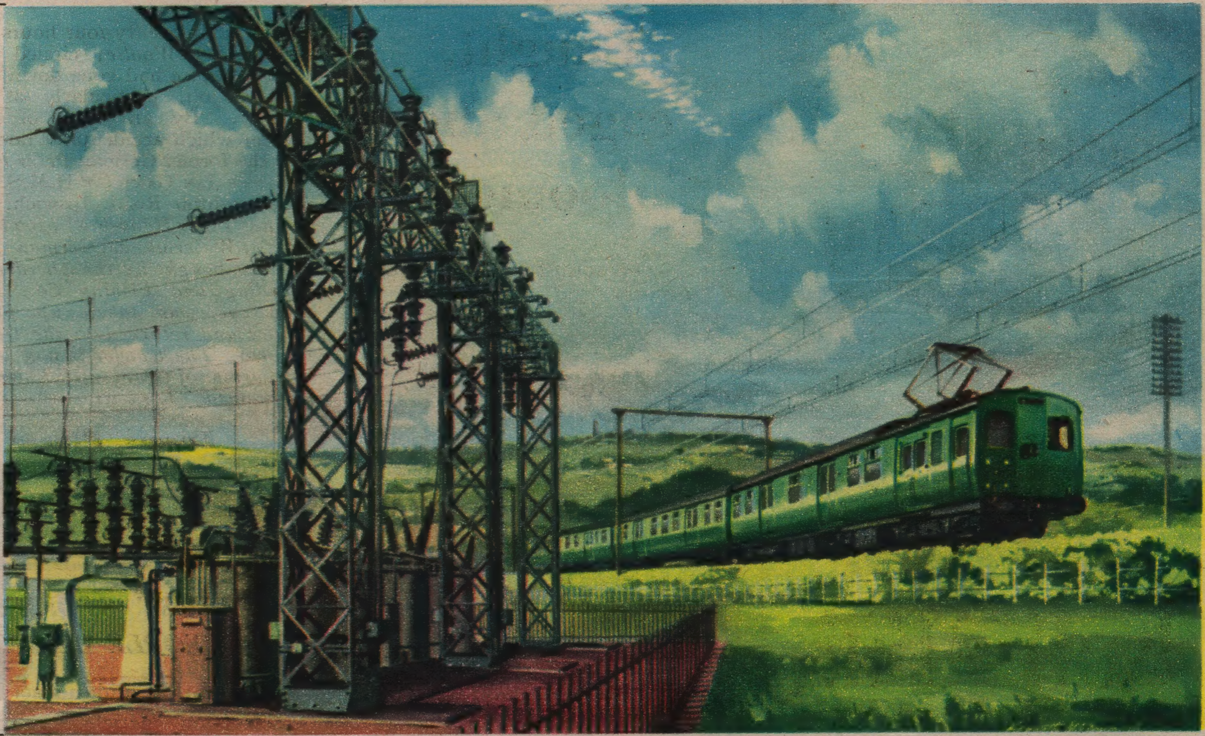
The 6.15 is but one link in the chain of electric power that transports thousands of passengers daily between cities and their suburbs. These links include the turbines and generators which provide the electricity, the transformers, switchgear and substation equipment which deliver current to the track, and the traction motors and control gear on the train. The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company not only supplies all these vital links, but complete trains as well.



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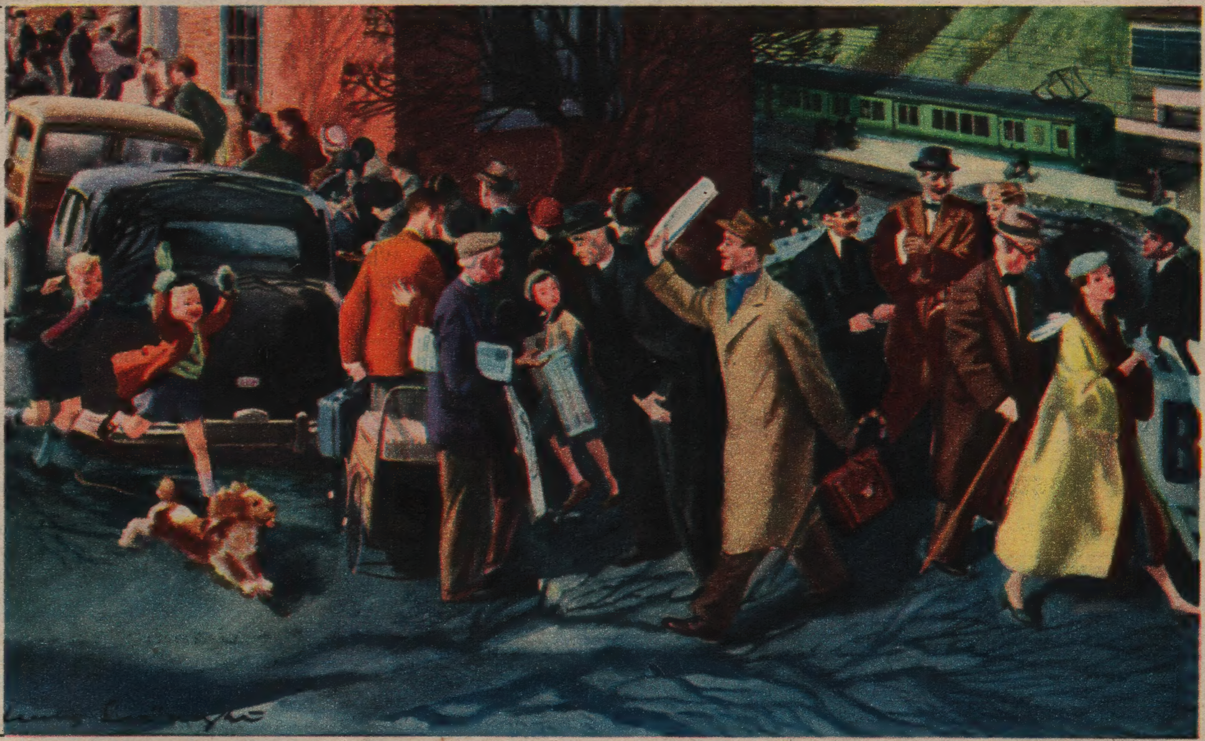

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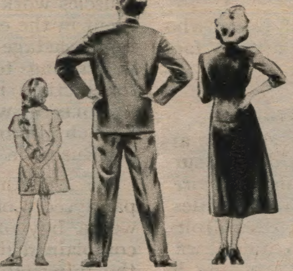

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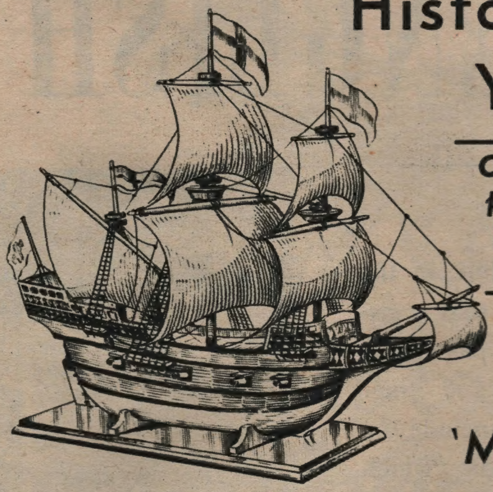

Complete kit of parts for only 21/1

BUILD A MODEL of the galleon 'MAYFLOWER'

HOBBIES WEEKLY

out every Wednesday, is full of illustrated articles on making models, toys and many things of use in the home. A large design (worth 8d.) is given free every fortnight. Get a copy through your newsagent or Hobbies stockist, price 4d.

A BEAUTIFUL 15 in. model of the famous ship which took the Pilgrim Fathers from Plymouth to North America in 1620 would look well in any home. The kit (No. 2147) contains all necessary wood, sail material, rigging, turned guns, full size plans and detailed instructions. It can be easily made with a few simple fretwork tools. There are many other Hobbies galleon kits, too, from as little as 5/11 and all of them make up into splendid models which are a constant source of admiration. Details are contained in the 16-page booklet mentioned below.

Ask for Hobbies kits at leading stores, ironmongers or Hobbies own branches in London, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Hull, Southampton and Bristol. Or post free from Dept. 45, Hobbies Ltd., Dereham, Norfolk. Illustrated 2-colour booklet FREE on request.

Hobbies

OCTOBER

Fusilades are fired at pheasants on the First. Gladioli should be lifted and late potatoes stored. Likewise carrots. Hoist the Flag on the 21st. in memory of Nelson, and at the end of the month keep a sharp lookout for witches airborne on brooms. Bear in mind that all sportsmen will be on a winner at the Cesarewitch when they

Have a CAPSTAN

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"I was so proud when Dick said that! Although I did deserve my praise—we entertained Dick's boss right royally. The table looked so attractive; how I blessed Hostess . . ."

Attractive HOSTESS paper serviettes and doyleys make such a wonderful difference. Be talked about for your good taste—set your table with Hostess. (Quite inexpensive, too.)

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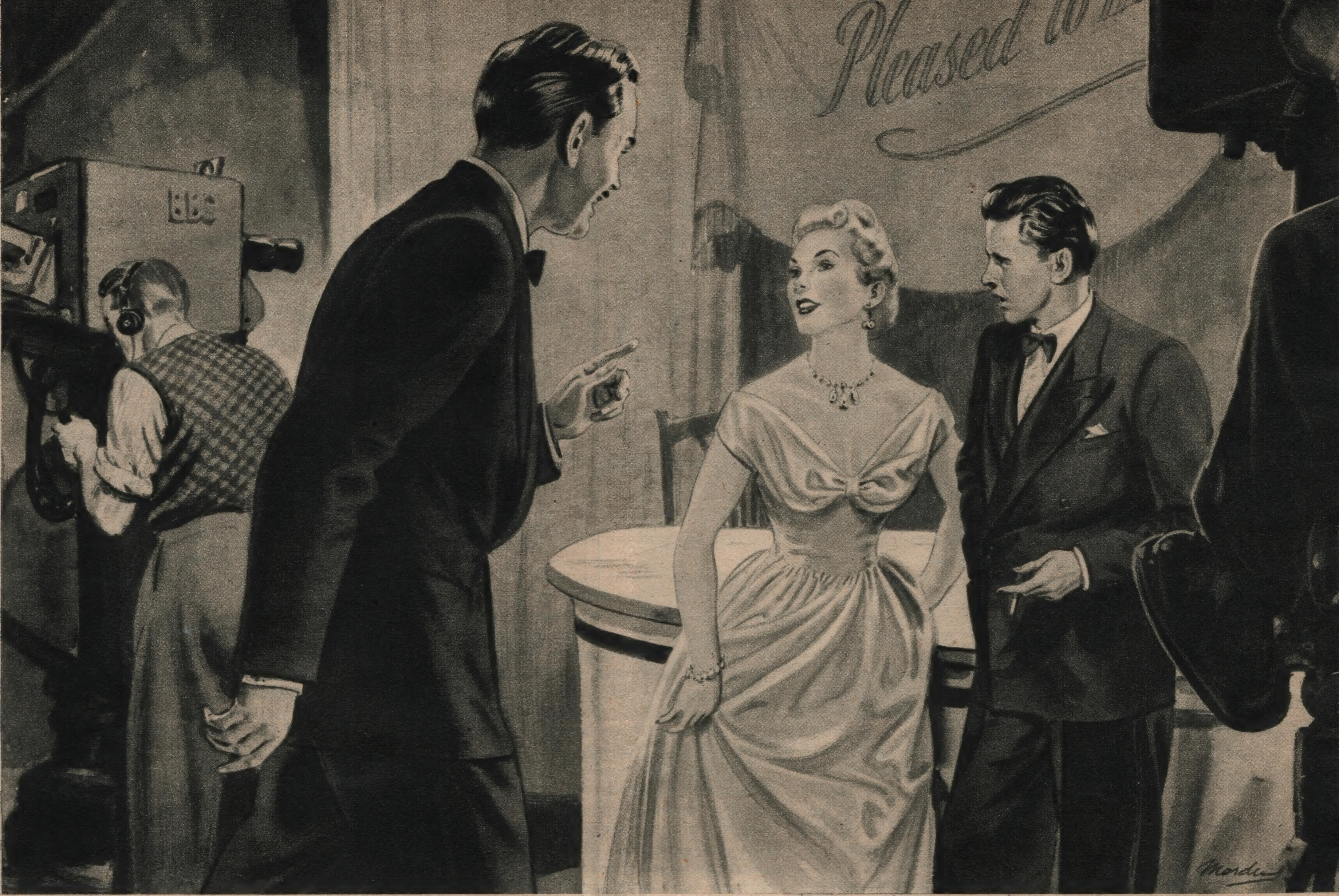


Bill did not give me a chance to answer for myself. "You know very well, Myrna," he said, "this is one of the biggest breaks Paul could have"

GUEST STAR

by STANLEY ELLIN

The programme was on the air; the viewers were waiting. And then, as I opened my mouth to speak, I remembered what had been haunting me all day

BILL TEMPLETON, my agent, met me outside the studio, and after we'd said hallo he patted my shoulder nervously. "Now, Paul," he said, "you just tell them what they want to hear. You'll remember that, Paul, won't you?"

He was always a little apprehensive about what I might do or say in public, and the funny thing was that I had never given him any reason for it. I suppose what really worried him were all those stories about my mother's and father's temperament when they were on the stage, and a feeling that the streak was going to pop up in me at the worst possible moment.

Of course, he was all wrong about that, but he was a good theatrical agent, one of the best, and I liked him too much to joke about something he took so seriously.

"All right, Bill," I said. "I'll tell them just what they want to hear."

There was an audience in the studio when we walked in. On the wall behind a small platform hung a huge banner lettered PLEASED TO MEET YOU and on the platform was a crescent-shaped table with a few microphones on it. Up above, at the control panel, I saw Don Summers, the producer.

A couple of seasons before, when things were slow on the stage, I had done a few television shows, and Don and I had worked together on one of them. I waved at him through the glass, and he grinned and thumbed his nose at me.

Myrna McCormack, the interviewer, was already at the table. Myrna was an attractive, easy-mannered girl with an alive, intelligent face. It was clear that she believed in herself and the programme.

She got up from the table when she saw us coming over. "I'm terribly sorry I had to drag you here on such short notice," she told me, "but when those notices of *Time Out Of Hand* came out yesterday, I knew you'd be dreadfully busy, and I just had to make sure you'd be on my programme first. You don't really mind, do you?"

I was about to say no, but Bill got there before me. "Mind?" he said, using his throaty, agent's voice. "Myrna, you know very well this is one of the biggest breaks Paul could have. He'll be in your debt for ever."

He was laying it on a little too thick, but he wasn't far wrong in one way. When you were a guest star in *Pleased To Meet You*, you were "in."

She was a shrewd girl, and maybe she knew what was in my mind. She smiled at me and said: "What did *you* think when you saw those notices?"

What did I think? Well, we had been waiting for the notices at two o'clock in the

Continued on page 20

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL MORDEN

ONE OF OUR SUBMARINES (8) by Commander EDWARD YOUNG, D.S.O., D.S.C.

GUNNING FOR TROUBLE IN THE ISLAND HIDEOUTS

Out on a roving patrol, *Storm* makes a daring sally into a Jap port—and sinks four ships before lunch. Concluding a stirring story of the submarine service

DESPITE THE FAILURE of our "cloak-and-dagger" mission to obtain information about the defences of the Japanese naval base at Sabang, a heavy air raid was made on the port shortly after our return, and much damage was done to oil tanks and harbour installations.

This air raid, in May, 1944, was significant. It was made by Fleet Air Arm planes from aircraft-carriers which had sailed with impunity quite close to the coast of Sumatra. It showed that Admiral Somerville was beginning to feel a growing confidence in the strength of his surface forces, and that the Eastern Fleet, which after the loss of Singapore had been forced to fall back to Ceylon and even at one period to Kenya, could no longer be regarded merely as a containing force while the main attack came from the Americans in the Pacific. Nevertheless, the burden of harrying the Japanese sea traffic in the Malacca Straits continued to be borne by the submarines.

The Japs were undoubtedly aware of the growing strength of our submarine force and were finding it less and less profitable to send large or even medium-sized merchant ships through the area. Already there were signs that they were resorting to the use of smaller vessels—converted local craft of all sorts, wooden motor ships and even junks. Henceforth we were given permission to sink junks of twenty tons or over.

Promotion—At Last!

A focal point for most of the shipping routes was Penang, and it was to the southern approach to this large port that *Storm* was assigned for her next patrol. Before we sailed, my promotion to Lieutenant-Commander (R.N.V.R.) had come through. At last I was senior to Brian Mills, my first lieutenant! Previously, visitors to the boat had looked at Brian's two straight stripes and then at my two wavy ones, and naturally taken Brian for skipper, a mistake which was apt to cause a bit of embarrassment all round.

We slipped from our depot ship, *Maidstone*, on the evening of June 13, and rolled gaily and comfortably across the great stretch of Indian Ocean towards the Nicobar Channel. We passed through this channel on the night of the sixteenth, and sighted Pulo Perate on the port bow at half-past three on the morning of the eighteenth.

Nothing happened until at teatime the officer of the watch reported distant smoke towards the mainland. I went to the periscope and saw a faint but distinct wraith of smoke beyond the eastward horizon. I imagined this was probably some vessel intending to pass immediately outside the off-shore islands on its way northward and that it would be well beyond our range. In the rather forlorn hope that it might turn westward for Sabang, I turned and ran northward at about four knots, occasionally planing up to about fifteen feet to get a better view.

Eventually, about an hour after the smoke had first been sighted, the tip of the funnel and two masts of a small merchant vessel came into view at a range of about seven miles—much nearer than I had dared to hope. Soon afterwards I sighted the masts and funnel of a second merchant ship some way astern, and at the same time two other small masts which I correctly assumed to be escort vessels, one on each side of the convoy.

I now began an attack on the first ship, which I estimated at about 1,500 tons. On account of her slow speed of eight knots, the attack was long drawn out. Suddenly, however, the situation was radically altered when my target obligingly zigged towards me. She was obviously carrying out a complicated zig-zag similar to that sometimes used by our own ships—several zigs to starboard of the mean course, followed by several zigs to port, then to starboard again, and so on.

The situation was now rather exciting. The sea was so smooth that I had to use the small periscope and show it for no more than a second or two at each glance. In that time I had to judge accurately what the target was doing and also keep a wary eye on the port escort, a large submarine-chaser.

A Jap prisoner is hauled aboard *Storm* after the sinking of his ship. He stayed on the submarine for two weeks, and gave no trouble

The target began her swing to starboard. I could see her quite clearly now. She was an old-fashioned ship, so ugly with her stiff, straight lines that she seemed little more than three piles of boxes held loosely together with rusty iron plates. Soon she was only five degrees short of the firing angle. I said, "Down periscope," but before it had reached the deck I ordered it to be raised again, and as soon as it was trained on the firing angle I saw the target's bow just entering the right-hand side of my circle of vision. "Stand by."

In a sea so calm as this I could not afford to keep the periscope up long enough to aim four torpedoes individually. But we knew from our tables what the firing interval ought to be, and we should have to time them by stop watch. When the target's bow touched the vertical centre-line on the periscope it was as though an electrical circuit had been closed inside my brain. "Fire one. . . . Down periscope. . . . Carry on firing by stop watch."

The engine-room artificer stood beside the "fruit machine," stop watch in one hand, the other on the little panel of torpedo firing indicators which sent the orders to the tube space forrard. Every eight seconds he turned one of the switches, the word "FIRE" appeared in small red letters on the light panel, we felt the little lurch as the torpedo shot from its tube, and McIllmurry at the asdic set reported, "Torpedo running, sir."

A Tremendous Explosion

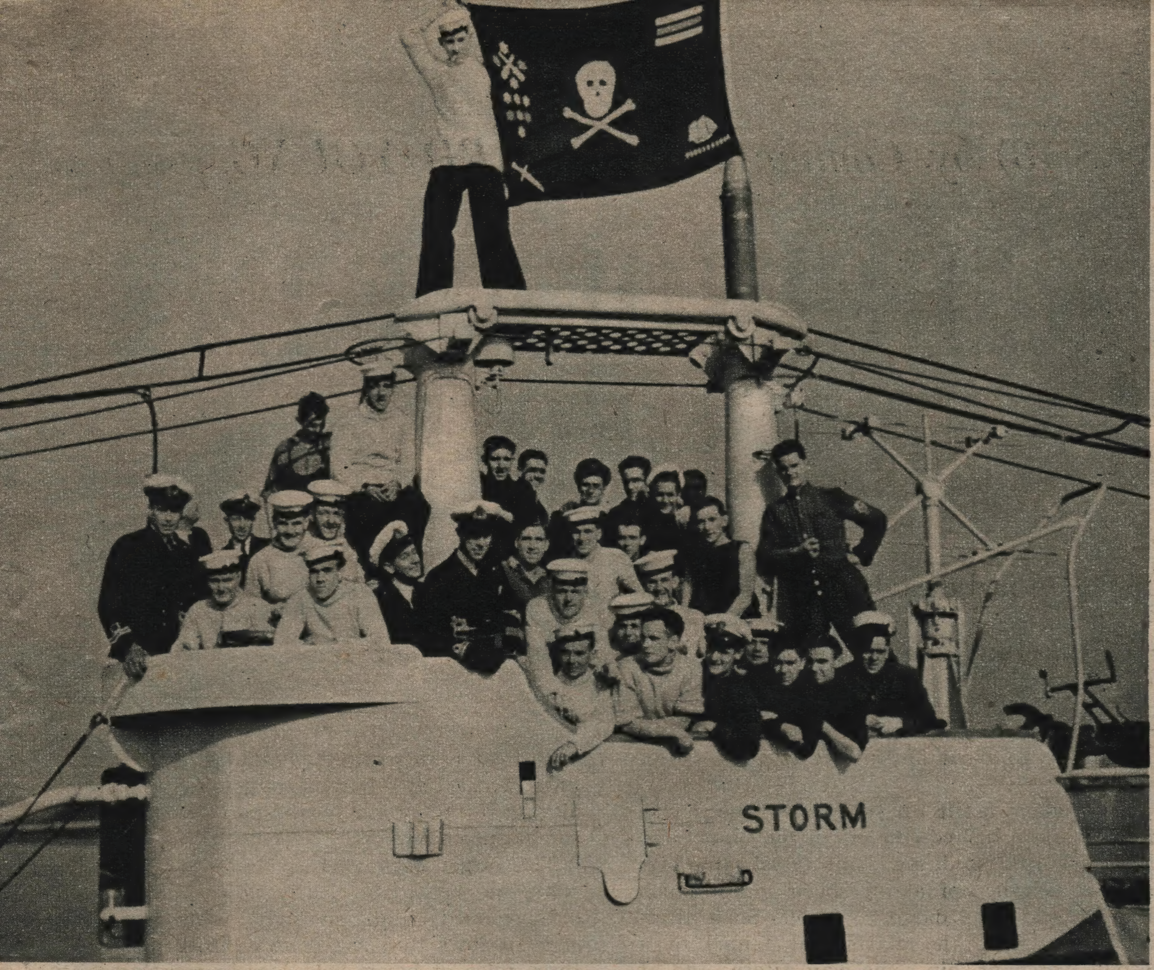
All the time we were beginning to sink below periscope depth. I was itching to stay up and watch the results of my attack, but the torpedoes would leave a track in the smooth water which would lead the chaser straight to us if we stayed where we were. We held our course until the fourth torpedo was fired, but as soon as it was away we turned to port at full speed, planing rapidly down to eighty feet.

Nearly two minutes after I had given the order to fire the first torpedo, we heard a tremendous explosion, followed a few seconds later by a second, and then a third. They were all sharp explosions, not followed by the rumbling aftermath characteristic of a depth-charge, and I felt sure they were torpedo hits.

However, I had no doubt that the depth-charges would follow. We came down to slow speed on one propeller only, steadied on a westerly course, dropped to 100 feet, and settled down grimly to await developments. I moved to the after end of the control-room and stood behind McIllmurray at the asdic set. "Can you hear anything?"

"Nothing at the moment, sir."

I imagined the enemy chaser lying stopped



Storm flies the Jolly Roger on her arrival home. Bars on the flag indicate torpedo sinkings; stars are ships sunk by her guns; dagger, a secret mission; dots (right) are schooners sunk

Young smiles: he had brought his ship safely home and it was "a most satisfactory feeling"

somewhere overhead, waiting for us to make a false move, listening, listening, listening.

"Diesel H.E. right astern, sir." (H.E. is hydrophone effect, or propeller noise.)

"Is the bearing changing at all?"

"Bearing seems pretty steady."

Then three loud explosions in quick succession announced the opening of the enemy's attack. I did not think they were very close to us, but three minutes later came four more, a good deal nearer, thundering one after the other like a pattern of bombs. She seemed to be on our tail, but whether by good guesswork or because she had actually detected us I could not tell.

The Enemy Lay Doggo

But five minutes passed, and the attack did not develop. McIllmurray could still hear her, thrashing about somewhere astern, continually starting and stopping, moving about from one quarter to another. Half an hour later, at a quarter to seven, having heard very little of our adversary for some time, I decided to come up to periscope depth to have a look at the situation before the daylight faded altogether. As the periscope broke surface, I swept quickly around and was at once alarmed to see the chaser, a black shape in the evening light, lying stopped only 400 yards away on our port beam. I felt as though I had been escaping down a tunnel only to find my pursuer waiting for me at the other end. I immediately ordered a return to 100 feet.

We were still on the way down when McIllmurray suddenly reported: "Diesel H.E. speeding up and closing on Red 100. . . . H.E. still closing, sir, bearing steady."

And then we could all hear her with the naked ear, a steady thrashing beat growing in volume and menace—*schoo-schoo-schoo-schoo-schoo* . . . like a steam locomotive coming rapidly towards you up a long gradient. This time I felt sure she knew exactly where we were. She was going to pass directly over us, and in a moment a pattern of frightful explosions would be bursting under, over and all around us. Ostrich-like, we could not help hunching our shoulders as the sound rose to its climax and crossed overhead. Any moment now. . . .

To our amazement nothing happened. McIllmurray followed the sound until it faded right away on the starboard bow, and we never heard her again. Her choosing that particular moment and course to leave the area was clearly a coincidence. I thanked my stars that I had not come to periscope depth a minute or two later, for we might easily have been rammed.

Our next billet was a submarine captain's dream—almost virgin territory (no submarine had visited it for nearly a year), and a roving commission to look for trouble along a 300-mile coastline studded with hundreds of islands. The area assigned to us was the Mergui Archipelago and the western seaboard of the narrow isthmus which joins the Malay Peninsula to Burma and Siam. It was suspected that, in pursuance of their policy of using small, shallow-draught coastal craft in place of larger deep-water ships the Japs were working some of the many channels hidden behind the islands, and that the port of Mergui itself might be the departure point for seaborne traffic taking military supplies to Rangoon.

As we expected to use the gun far more than the torpedo tubes it was decided to increase our outfit of ammunition. We also organized a boarding party with a view to inspecting, and if necessary blowing up, junks and other small cargo-carrying craft. An edict had recently gone forth that all submarines in the Far East were to carry an additional officer for watch-keeping duties, and we were lucky in having appointed to us a young sub-lieutenant R.N. called Dicky Fisher, who was not only an extremely likeable fellow but also burning to distinguish himself in some personal fracas with the enemy.

Our Gang Of "Pirates"

I immediately appointed him boarding officer. He entered into his commission with enthusiasm and intelligence, selected five men, fitted the party up with grappling hooks, revolvers, demolition charges, and collected a most fearsome assortment of knives and daggers for self-defence in case of treachery. When fully kitted up for the first dress rehearsal they looked as bloodthirsty a crowd of pirates as ever slit throats on the Spanish Main.

We left Tricomalee on July 15, and found patrol conditions during the first few days trying and depressing. A monotonous swell from the south-west made depth-keeping difficult, and we had heavy and almost continuous rain.

The bad visibility foiled my first attempt to inspect the sheltered anchorage on the inside of Tavoy Island known as Port Owen, but on July 23 I determined to try again. Diving before dawn a few miles out, we crept round the northern tip of the island and turned south towards our objective.

At a quarter past nine the officer of the watch suddenly saw a dim shape on the port bow emerging from the mist of rain. Examining it through the periscope I could not at first make out what it was, but soon realized it was a small north-bound coaster of about 200 tons, heavily camouflaged with branches of trees and other foliage.

First Shot A Direct Hit

I gave the order, "Stand by gun action." Then I waited to let the coaster pass me, intending to surface on his port quarter.

"Target is a small coaster," I said. "Bearing Green 40. Range 800 yards. Open fire on surfacing. Point of aim the wheelhouse." And then the coaster had drawn past our beam and the moment had come.

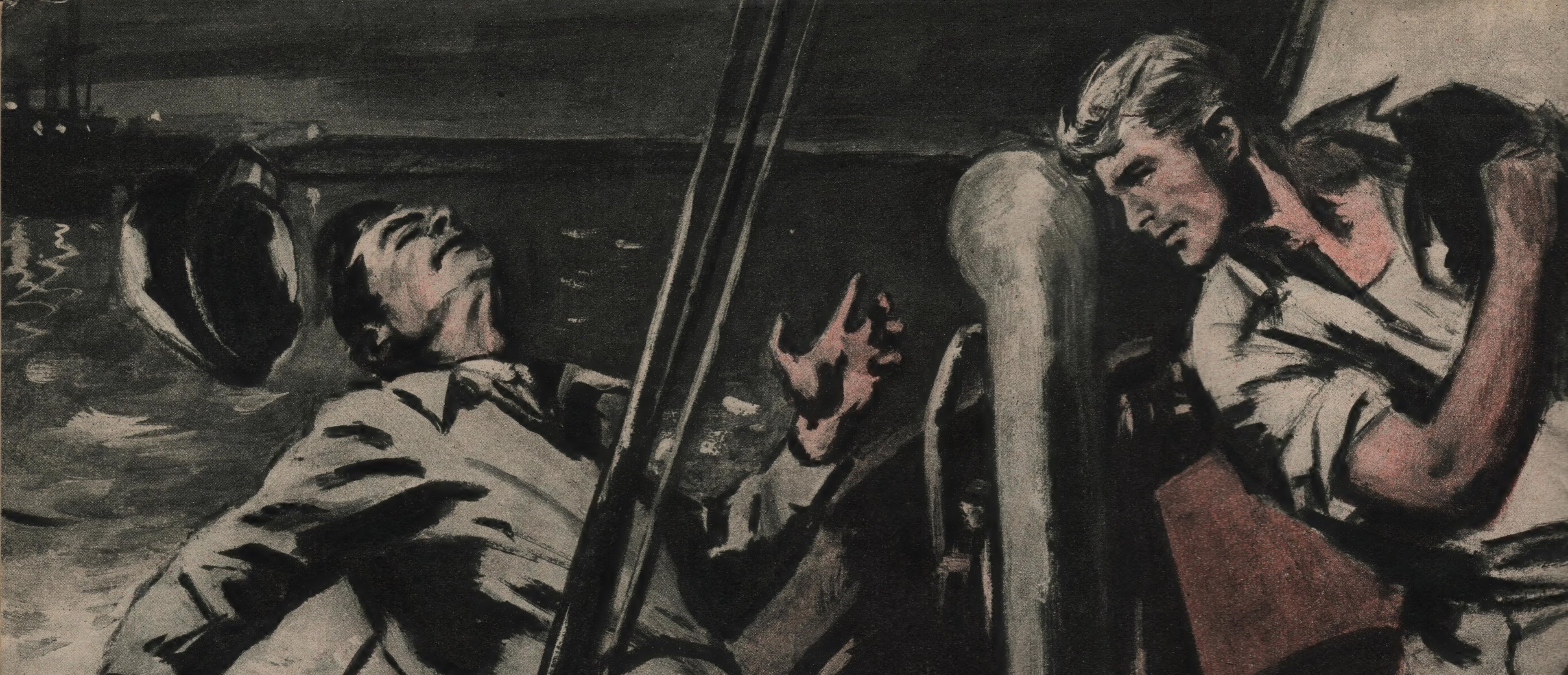
"Surface. *Gun action!*"

At fifteen feet, with the top of the gun-tower still under water, Number One blew a whistle, the hatches slammed open, a little shower of water fell down the gun-tower, and then the men were climbing the ladders at the double. I had to wait until Lieutenant Blake, my gunnery officer, and the gun's crew were clear of the conning-tower, so I kept my eyes at the periscope, watched the target still chugging along in the rain, quite unconcerned, and saw our bow rising out of the sea.

I got to the bridge, just as the gun cracked away the first round. It was a direct hit, and made a shambles of the wheelhouse. There was no sign of opposition from the enemy, but although we pumped round after round into her, most of them along her waterline, she maintained her course and speed for some minutes with apparently no one at the helm. One shell produced a burst of flame from the deck cargo of oil drums.

At last, after we had fired twenty-eight rounds, she came to a dead stop, so we ceased fire and closed slowly in towards her. There was still no sign of life, and I began to wonder if we had killed the entire crew, but as we approached

Continued on page 24



Furse turned in time to see the patrolman coming at him. He hit out with all his strength and the man went down, reeling heavily against the boat side.

The House of the Seven Flies

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIPHANT

The chase was on. With all the countryside on the look-out for him, Furse could do nothing but wait for low tide. And then Constanta appeared

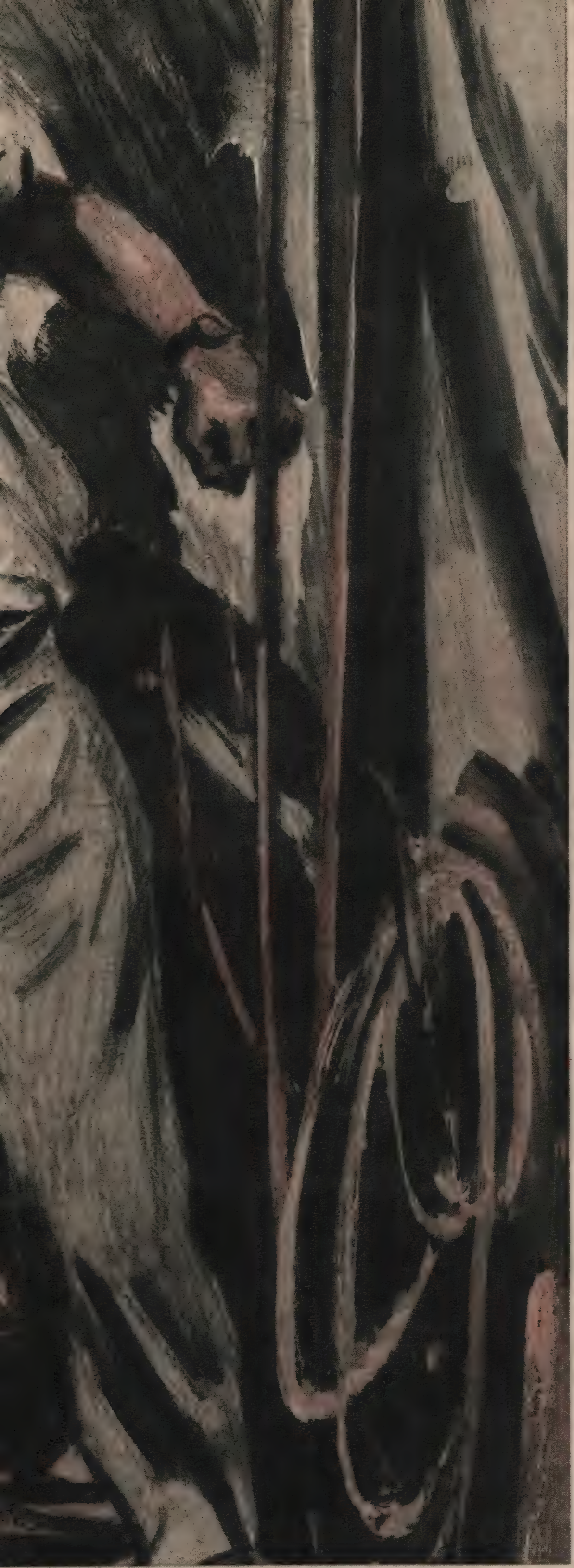
EDWARD FURSE, a charter yachtsman, was on a desperate mission. He had been kicked out of Holland by Inspector Molenaar, of the Dutch police. Now, under cover of night, he was trying to sneak back into the country in his yacht *Arletta*.

Molenaar had nothing definite on Furse, but knew he was up to something illegal. In fact, Furse had come back to lift £250,000 worth of diamonds from a sunken launch. The diamonds had been raided from a Dutch bank by the Germans seven years before.

Only Furse and his partner, Charlie Ponz, knew the exact spot where the launch lay—near Jan Beukleman's farmhouse, known as "The House of the Seven Flies."

Both police and Customs were out to stop them from getting the stones. So were Ninus Rohner and his girl friend, Elsa. Rohner, a Rotterdam gangster, had been on Furse's tail ever since his search began.

Furse was furious at being bundled out of Holland just when he was so near to success. He hadn't even had a chance to say goodbye to Constanta Straatsma. She had been trying



He had won a few minutes. Now he had to use them

to salvage the treasure for the bank. He had fallen in love with her—against his will, for he wanted to keep her out of his lawless and dangerous venture.

Dousing his lights, he crept up the Maas estuary on the tide. With Charlie's help, he thought he could do the job in a day. But Molenaar was one jump ahead of him. He was patrolling the river in a Customs cutter.

PART 5

Molenaar Closes In

Furse came in with the tide, ghosting under the jib. Running into the river mouth was easy, for he had the leading lights, first from Westhoofd, and then from Kwade Hoek on the northern end of Goeree Island. Once he was in the river the trouble would start.

He went in without lights except for the luminous pallor of the binnacle, which he had half draped with a handkerchief. Time went by in a slow, unmarked stream. He stood, lifting and swaying gently to the movement of the *Arletta*, stood there for an age, boring steadily into the night. By the time he made the mouth of the river he was keyed up and his hands were soft with sweat.

He switched off the binnacle light and checked his course now and again with a hand torch, the details of his chart and the pilot book instructions clear in his mind. There were buoy lights down the river, but he knew he would not be able to hold them rigidly, for the channel twisted and swerved. For all he knew there might be a Customs patrol in the river mouth. That would mean he would have to leave the normal channels.

The thought of doing this with the tide so low made him swear gently to himself. He was crazy. Absolutely bloody crazy . . . but it was the kind of craziness you had to have if you wanted to pick up a quarter of a million. He thought of his son Jimmy, asleep in his school dormitory now, and it started thoughts that harassed him and he shut them from his mind.

He was in the river now, peering into the darkness, trying to pick out the slow loom of a sandbank emerging in a dull spread of paleness. On his port hand he suddenly heard the bubbling night-cry of curlews and, as though the dark face of the water had been rubbed thin and bare, he saw a blowing line of foam at the edge of a bank. He swung the wheel over. But it was too late. The *Arletta* bumped gently two or three times. A swift panic swept through him. He heard the sudden boiling of water astern as the tide pushed at her and she faltered, reluctant to leave the sand.

He started the motor, slammed it into reverse, and the night was broken with the sudden roar of the engine. He gave the motor full throttle. With a clumsy shudder, the *Arletta* came off. Slowly, he edged back into the main channel. As soon as he was clear, he switched off the motor. If there were a patrol boat about, the noise of his engine had been thudding across the water like a tom-tom for them to hear. He cursed himself for running aground.

Back in the main stream, his course checked on the compass, and the distant light at Hellevoetsluis just coming up over his port bow, he found himself cold and curiously limp from his escape.

The night lapsed to a gentle susurration of sounds. He reached for a cigarette, blaming himself still for the necessity of having to start his motor. His hand was on his matches when he knew that the harm had been done. Astern of him and on the far side of the river, he heard a powerful marine engine burst abruptly into life, and a small searchlight drew a swift band of silver across the water behind him. He ducked and saw the deck of the *Arletta* come up out of darkness in a hard pattern of grey and silver.

The searchlight wheeled away from him, lifting and probing, and then swung back, breaking over him in a cruel dazzle of light and was past him so swiftly that he prayed he had not been seen. Then it wavered on his port side a hundred yards away and began to creep slowly back. Each moment its path drew nearer, and each moment, as the Customs cutter came downstream, the funnel of light widened. . . . The patrol boat, Furse judged, was about half a mile away and overhauling him rapidly.

He had only one course: to start his motor. He opened up his engine, its beat muffled now by the sound of the other boat, and drew away ahead, sheering towards the southerly side of the river. The light came creeping slowly back towards him.

The patrol boat was now close enough for him to make out the red and green navigation lights. It was dead astern of him, with the light lying off at an angle of ninety degrees from its port bow and gradually traversing towards him.

He thought of the man behind that beam, his visual world narrowed to a ranging funnel of silver and grey shapes; of Molenaar, who was possibly aboard and who had been suspicious enough to foresee that he might come back . . . of Charlie waiting over in Hellevoetsluis, this same searchlight probably throwing wheeling shadows on his bedroom ceiling, and of all the chances he had let pass to back out of this affair. . . . But he was in now, in deep and desperately, and a spasm of angry courage stirred through him at the thought of failure. He had to make it, had to get to Krabbensplaat and take the chance of twenty-four hours in which to prove the risk. He would want luck to take him through and he knew that luck never worked for him unless he threw overboard all doubts and fears. In that moment, although he knew he had been and still was a fool, he was suddenly clear-headed and determined. Nothing was going to stop him.

Out of the pallor of the disturbed night, a great shape suddenly loomed up just off his port bow. There was the sound of angry water tearing against the side of a large buoy and as he went by, he caught the initials AG-HV painted on it.

He knew at once where he was—at the seaward tip of the long Slijkplaat bank—but he should have passed the buoy on his starboard hand. The swing of the tide where the channel divided had pushed him too far north.

He swung the *Arletta* over to starboard and prayed there would be enough water now to take him over the tip of the bank, his mind photographing the section of the chart that showed the tear-drop shape of the outer shallows of the bank.

It was at this moment that the searchlight caught him. The deck works and rigging of the *Arletta* blazed with light points. He thought he heard a shout behind him, faint across the water, and he was overwhelmed with a strange sense of standing suddenly naked in a hostile world, his shadow leaping, elongated and macabre, before him.

He spun the wheel and broke from the light, but in a second it was back on him. He opened up the motor and went twisting and curving away from it. Each time he escaped it came back, holding him until he began to have the odd impression that it was not the light which came to him, but he who fought and twisted to find the light, held and impelled by it like a moth before a candle flame.

Just how long the chase went on he had no idea. Time, as in a dream, lost all significance. There was only himself, cold and angry, spinning the wheel, flashing in and out of two worlds, one dark and oppressive, filled with the roar of his own engine, the other cruelly bright with his own shadow dancing ahead of him and the *Arletta* leaping forward like a ghost ship. Once he glanced over his shoulder and the great beam of light struck his face as though it dealt a physical blow.

The end came suddenly. There was a slight bump. The *Arletta* rose gracefully like a living creature. Another bump, and then a long succession of harsh grating noises against her keel, and an agonizing series of shudders that vibrated through her hull. He was thrown sideways from the wheel and felt his face strike the side of the wheel shelter. He pulled himself up, his hand going to his face to come away wet with blood that ran from a cut over his eye. The engine had stalled and, as he stood up, he saw that the *Arletta* was heeled over, well aground.

The patrol boat was standing off from him about fifty yards away. He stood there in the full glare of the light, hearing the gentle beat of its motor. Then the light went out, and was replaced by a masthead lamp that tilted towards him, a pale, golden glow, wonderfully soft and comforting after the harshness of the searchlight.

"Stay on deck where we can see you. Don't move!" A voice, strange to him, shouted across the water.

Without thought or apprehension, he lit a cigarette and watched as a dinghy was slung

THE BOOK THAT IS SWEEPING AMERICA

WINDOM'S WAY

NEXT WEEK, JOHN BULL begins publication of a brilliant new novel that is sweeping America, and which has won a Book Society recommendation in this country. It is called *Windom's Way* by James Ramsey Ullman.

WINDOM'S WAY is the powerful, moving story of Dr. Alec Windom, the "white doctor" of an Asiatic village who, despite himself, is drawn into the bitter conflicts of the Cold War—against his own country and his Western friends.

Windom loves his wife, Lenore; he wants to live his own life. But his conscience is aroused by injustice—and in Papaan he sees injustice all around him. His loyalties must be shared . . . by Anna Vidal, his shy, adoring young nurse; by Jan Vidal, her revolutionary brother, who later assumes such a terrible rôle in the story; by all the simple, exploited people of Papaan.

Anna

Windom

Lenore

WINDOM'S WAY is a haunting story, one of the most important novels of the year. The first long instalment, magnificently illustrated in full colour by the famous K. J. Petts . . .

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

over the side of the patrol boat. The captain was not risking bringing the cutter any closer to the bank.

Molenaar came aboard without animosity towards him, only a quiet alertness and determination.

"You're the biggest bloody fool that ever walked!" he snapped. "Coming back like this! It proves I was right about you!" Seeing Furse standing tall and hard-faced, the blood running down his cheek, Molenaar realized that he had always hoped his suspicions would be false.

"I decided I wouldn't be kicked around."

Molenaar made an impatient movement of his hand. "We'll talk about that later. You'd better get below so we can have a look at that cut on your face." He put out a hand and pushed Furse towards the hatchway.

Furse turned the light on. Molenaar dropped to a bunk seat, resting his elbows on the table.

"Get that cut washed up. It looks deep. Then you're coming to Hellevoetsluis. You didn't come back out of defiance. You know that. You came back with a purpose."

"I CAME back. Put your own interpretation on it." Furse went to the galley and drew himself a basin of water. A desperate anger rose in him at the thought of *Arletta* piled up on the sand, and a quarter of a million lost to him for ever. He stood with the basin of water in his hands and suddenly knew what he must do.

"My interpretation will be the same as a great many other people's when they know the facts." Molenaar leaned back, shaking his head.

With a quick movement Furse tossed the basin of water into Molenaar's lap. He turned, switched off the saloon light, and was up the hatchway.

He heard Molenaar swear behind him and then he had slammed the hatch cover over and bolted it. He turned and saw a patrolman coming at him.

"Hey, what the——"

Furse hit him with all his strength. The man went down, reeling heavily against the boat side. Furse had won a few minutes. Now he had to use them. He leaped to the starboard side of *Arletta*, whipped free the dinghy painter and dropped into the boat. He pushed it off, screened by the bulk of the *Arletta's* hull, and felt the strengthened tide tear him away downstream. As he went, he heard Molenaar shouting and beating against the hatch and then an angry call from the man on deck to the patrol boat.

Furse unshipped the oars and in a couple of strong strokes was outside the golden halo of light from the patrol boat into a welcome darkness. He pulled savagely, making the water boil under the dinghy's bows, and headed across the shallows of the slowly submerging Slijkplaat, knowing that the patrol boat would not be able to follow him.

With each movement, he expected the searchlight to start swinging. When it came, it flashed to his left, and then swung towards him. He crouched low, oars drawn in. It passed over him quickly, failing to pick him up. Savagely, he forced the dinghy on and reached the cover of the hump of long sandbank.

The light broke over the bank but he was safely in its shadow. He pulled with the tide in long, steady strokes and, when he reached the end of the bank, swung across southwards to the Overflakkee shore and hugged the shallow water down its length. Behind him he saw the searchlight sweeping and dipping. But by this time he was well away.

He had been lucky, he told himself. But he had worked for his luck. Now it must go on.

It was four o'clock when he made the mouth of the cut at Krabbensplaat and the darkness was thinning. He went in gently to the shore and jumped overboard in a few inches of water. He gave the dinghy a push and saw her float off. The tide took her and she began to move away downstream.

He dropped on the grass beneath the poplars and lay for a while, relaxed from the strain and exhaustion of the night, shutting all thought from his mind. In a few moments he was asleep. He slept until half past five.

When he awoke, the sun was coming up. He stood up and brushed himself down. He washed the dried blood from his face with his handkerchief and then went slowly up towards the house.

Beyond the wooden quay he met Jan Beukleman, a basket of duck eggs under his arm, coming from a small paddock of apple trees to one side of the cut. He was in his working clothes, his leather jerkin and patched trousers, and wore clogs on his feet. It was a bright morning and the hardening light gave an ivory gloss to the large face, drawing sharp shadows in the furrowed cheeks. He gave Furse a shy smile as he greeted him.

"So you have come back to us, *mynheer*?"

For a moment Furse wondered if Beukleman, too, had heard about his being sent away, but a glance at the man told him this was not so. His voice was even and friendly.

"Yes. I came over in my dinghy. It's at the mouth of the cut. Do you mind if I have a look around the island today?"

"No, *mynheer*. Usually I do not encourage people because they wander all over the place. You know how it is. They do damage without meaning to, and they disturb my cattle." Jan Beukleman paused, a frown of concern shadowing his eyes. "That's a nasty cut you have on your face."

"It's nothing. The boom swung over and hit me."

"My wife will put some plaster on it for you, if you come up to the house. You are also in time for breakfast. My wife would be pleased."

FURSE accepted the invitation gladly. He wanted to go to the house, anyway, to telephone. They went through the great wrought-iron gateway with its seven flies, into the walled yard with its edging of trim flower beds and each cobble apparently washed and polished.

"Do you mind if I use your telephone? I want to speak to a friend in Hellevoetsluis."

"You are welcome, *mynheer*."

The front door of the house led into a great hall out of which rose a magnificent curved stairway. The floor was slated and a wide open fireplace, bright with blue and white Delft tiles, took up almost the whole of one wall. There was a richness of brown and gold about the place which made Furse think of some of the Dutch paintings he had seen. A highly polished press squatted in the curve of the stairs, ranged with pewter plates, and stiff, elaborate chairs stood around a long refectory table, their scarlet velvet faded, their fringes of heavy gold tassels hanging straight and prim.

A convex mirror in a gold-gilt frame reflected the room and drew it out until one seemed to be standing in a vast salon; around the walls were oil paintings of women in rich brocades and ruffs, severe lace and stiff head-dresses, and of men in sober black cloth and tall hats.

Beukleman slid off his clogs.

"The telephone, *mynheer*, is at the foot of the stairs. When you have finished, come into the kitchen."

The telephone, Furse thought, had no place in the room. It was the one false note, but he was glad of it. He picked it up gingerly, conscious of its sleek, black polish and the smell of furniture cream that came from it. After a time a man's voice answered him and he asked

Continued on page 26

Adlai Stevenson goes out to beat Ike

by WESLEY S. THURSTON

Once he said he would rather shoot himself than accept the nomination. Now he may be America's first divorced President

Stevenson goes to church in Chicago. His untidy clothes are a constant worry to his advisers

ON THE EVENING of the hot July day when greatness was thrust upon Adlai Stevenson and he was acclaimed the candidate of the Democratic Party for President of the United States, he hurried home to Springfield, Illinois, and bolted the doors of the Governor's mansion against well-wishers and newspapermen. At about 1.30 a.m. a servant woke his bodyguard and said that the Governor was missing. He had last been seen walking away from the house with his big Dalmatian, King Arthur, at his heels.

Before sounding any alarm, the detective decided to try a possible place where Stevenson might be. In Abraham Lincoln's old house, which is now a museum, he found the man who may be America's next President. He had been sitting and thinking in the rocking-chair used by the most famous President of all.

A modest man, who has been in politics only four years, Stevenson is well aware of the problems, even greater than those of Abraham Lincoln, which will face the winner of the election on November 4. He shares the same profession—lawyer—and home State as Lincoln, but there the resemblance ends. He is short and tubby, a Democrat, and the well-educated scion of a wealthy family. While Abe Lincoln was the rough-hewn backwoods American, Adlai Stevenson is expected to lose votes because he is smooth and cosmopolitan. "He is too English," complained one politician.

Russians Were Confused

In 1945 he was senior adviser to the American delegation to the United Nations. During the London conferences of U.N.O. he carried on a great deal of the negotiations with the Russians. In the words of an inside observer, "He scored a lot of points for Britain, too, because the Russians were never quite certain whether he was an American or an Englishman. His ultra-Harvard accent confused everyone."

Not only his accent, but his quiet, dignified manner, untidy clothes and neat wit combine to make Adlai (pronounced "add-lay" and to be found in the Bible) Ewing Stevenson appear to be a very English American. In fact, he is a Mid-Westerner, whose ancestry stretches into American history.

He is, however, a frank admirer of Great Britain. Recently, he went out of his way in an interview on politics and freedom to say: "The defence of freedom can, indeed, be a lonely job, but it is not one to be evaded for that reason. I recall one nation, led by one magnificent individual, which was not afraid to stand up to aggression alone in recent times. And a great part of the globe, including ourselves, will be for ever in its debt."

Cartoonists, struggling with his unremarkable features, sometimes concentrate on one of his hats, which is also British. He bought it in London and still wears it occasionally. During his campaign for Governor of Illinois, one of his lieutenants hid this tired old felt in an alleyway beside an hotel, but a gust of wind caught it, and when the Governor emerged and saw his hat rolling along the gutter he retrieved it and clapped it on his head with a sigh. The lieutenants also complained about his crumpled suit, but had as little success trying to persuade him to fix his necktie differently. Stevenson murmured that at fifty-two he could not change, and, besides, they were all good clothes.

Says He Has No Ambition

Stevenson delights in small jokes about himself, particularly about his lack of lustre. He points to his rapidly receding dark-brown hair, and considers himself to be a little, fat man. He once said he should be described as "pear-shaped, flat-footed, baggy and unambitious"—though he is five feet nine and weighs just over thirteen stone. He has a large nose, pouchy dark-blue eyes and a broad, shy smile. Walking rapidly, he falls into a sort of short-step lope

At his Illinois home with his sister and two of his sons, Stevenson studies the campaign news

which, when he was at Princeton University, earned him the nickname of "Rabbit."

He received the Democratic nomination though he had publicly declared he did not want it. Before the Convention he actually said: "I would rather shoot myself," when asked whether he would run. In his speech of acceptance, he said he had not sought it. But for all his show of reluctance, Adlai Stevenson had been thinking hard about running for President ever since the leader of his party, President Truman, confided to the Governor his decision not to run again and pointed out to him the shortage of other candidates who could win. For, with the exception of Stevenson, all Democrats were either not big enough, too old or too sectional in their support.

But there was a snag. Stevenson was divorced, and there had never been a divorced President. His wife, Ellen, a poetess and heiress to a fortune, hated politics—particularly Democratic Party politics—and divorced him in 1949, soon after he became Governor.

Without warning, on a rainy day just before the Convention, Governor Stevenson was told by his secretary that Cardinal Stritch of Chicago was calling. Although he was not a Roman Catholic (he is a Unitarian), Stevenson admired the austere, powerful prelate. What was discussed has not been revealed, but a prelate qualified to speak authoritatively for the Catholic Church later said: "Voting for a divorced man is like going to consult a divorced doctor—if he is a good doctor he is your man."

Whisper Could Defeat Him

Although the Catholic Church is only indirectly influential in the active political affairs of the United States, a word passed quietly down the line against a man on moral grounds can ruin his chances for election.

So Stevenson finally agreed to stand, despite an aversion to modern "goldfish bowl life" as lived by political leaders. He hated the idea of bringing unpleasant publicity upon his former wife and their three sons—aged twenty-two, nineteen and fifteen. "I don't fancy entering my family affairs in a sort of political soap opera," he remarked to a friend.

Stevenson was one of the bright young men called to Washington by President Roosevelt. In 1941 he was Special Assistant and Legal Counsel to Navy Secretary Knox. He was taking a weekend fishing on his farm, turning his back on attempts to influence his judgment in a labour dispute, with phones disconnected and telegrams unopened, when a reporter broke into his seclusion to ask a question: "What is the Navy Secretary's office doing about the Jap attack on Pearl Harbour?" Seizing the phone, Stevenson moaned, "My God. Me playing a trout when war breaks out!"

During his tenure with Secretary Knox, he persuaded his superiors to let him try a new regulation enabling Negro sailors to perform duties other than menial mess jobs. He had to ram this radical change past the opposition of almost every admiral of the Service, after Knox and Roosevelt had consented. A former naval officer who was present at one of Stevenson's sessions over the Negro matter says: "Adlai sat there, a damned, meddling civilian to every man in the room, and he knew it. He just overlooked us, he was so preoccupied with the principle involved. He sat there, his collar wilted, his hair blown around, wearing an incredible suit, facing those old brass-headed admirals in beautiful blues, saying that in the opinion of the American people a man in modern sea warfare risked his life just as much in the galley as did the captain on the bridge. A coloured cook or waiter seemed to deserve at least a chance to do other things in a war.

"'It seems these men wish the right to die for America at the trigger of an anti-aircraft gun, as well as at the throttle of one of our high-pressure cookstoves,' he said. Then he closed his folder, thanked us and walked out, leaving us with our mouths open. The old boys had thought there was going to be an argument. He had just come over to answer our questions courteously, and to present it from the country's viewpoint. So they tried to slit his throat in Congress, but Adlai's regulation stuck, and it's there on the books today."

A 1949 picture of Stevenson with his former wife. She was an heiress who hated politics

President Roosevelt liked Stevenson, and confided to friends that the Illinois man was valuable to him because of his unpretentious charm, passion for detail and insatiable curiosity. F.D.R. sent him to Italy in 1943 as head of the mission which surveyed devastated areas. His protocol-conscious colleagues complained that he was "for ever slipping away to hold personal interviews with Italian workers and peasants."

Secret Thriller Addict

As a child, Adlai wore starched collars, read Wild West thrillers in deadly secrecy, and became a little fat boy who had his nose broken several times in fights.

During his adolescent years he suffered a terrible shock when a rifle went off in his hands and killed his cousin. Several of the boys had been inspecting a .22-calibre weapon, and had prudently asked an elder to check the mechanism.

This done, they had continued admiring it, and when it was handed to Adlai his finger closed around the trigger. The gun fired, and the bullet entered the heart of one of the other lads, who was dead when Adlai's shouts brought their families rushing in. Friends say he grieved and blamed himself miserably for months, and that it may have affected his character, making him unduly earnest and methodical.

His father, general manager of a newspaper, warned young Adlai away from politics. "Don't ever get mixed up in that dirty game," he told him. But, in 1948, Adlai followed a strong political tradition in the rest of his family, and ran for Governor of Illinois against a seemingly unbeatable man backed by the State's Press emperor and Republican "prime minister," Colonel Robert R. McCormick. Nobody expected Stevenson to win. He paid his own high campaign expenses, and his sons used to tease him by clapping their hands over their pockets when he entered the room.

But when the votes were counted, Stevenson had won by the largest majority in the history of the State. In fact, he polled half a million votes more than were cast in Illinois for Mr. Truman, who was running for President at the same time.

Words That Won Him Votes

The day after the election, an inquiring reporter asked a group of Chicagoans why Stevenson had been elected with such enthusiasm. An old Irishwoman spoke up, saying: "It was because he did such a fine job with the language."

Professional American politicians usually assume that the voters understand only invective and words of one syllable. Stevenson rates them differently and tosses in such phrases as "the schizophrenia of the Republican Party" with an off-handedness which makes the professionals wince. "They don't know what he's talking about," complained one minor politician. "You'll see they do when the votes are counted," answered one of the "amateurs" Stevenson has gathered together to run his present campaign.

He became a good Governor. He slashed the State's over-fat payrolls, dug up old statutes

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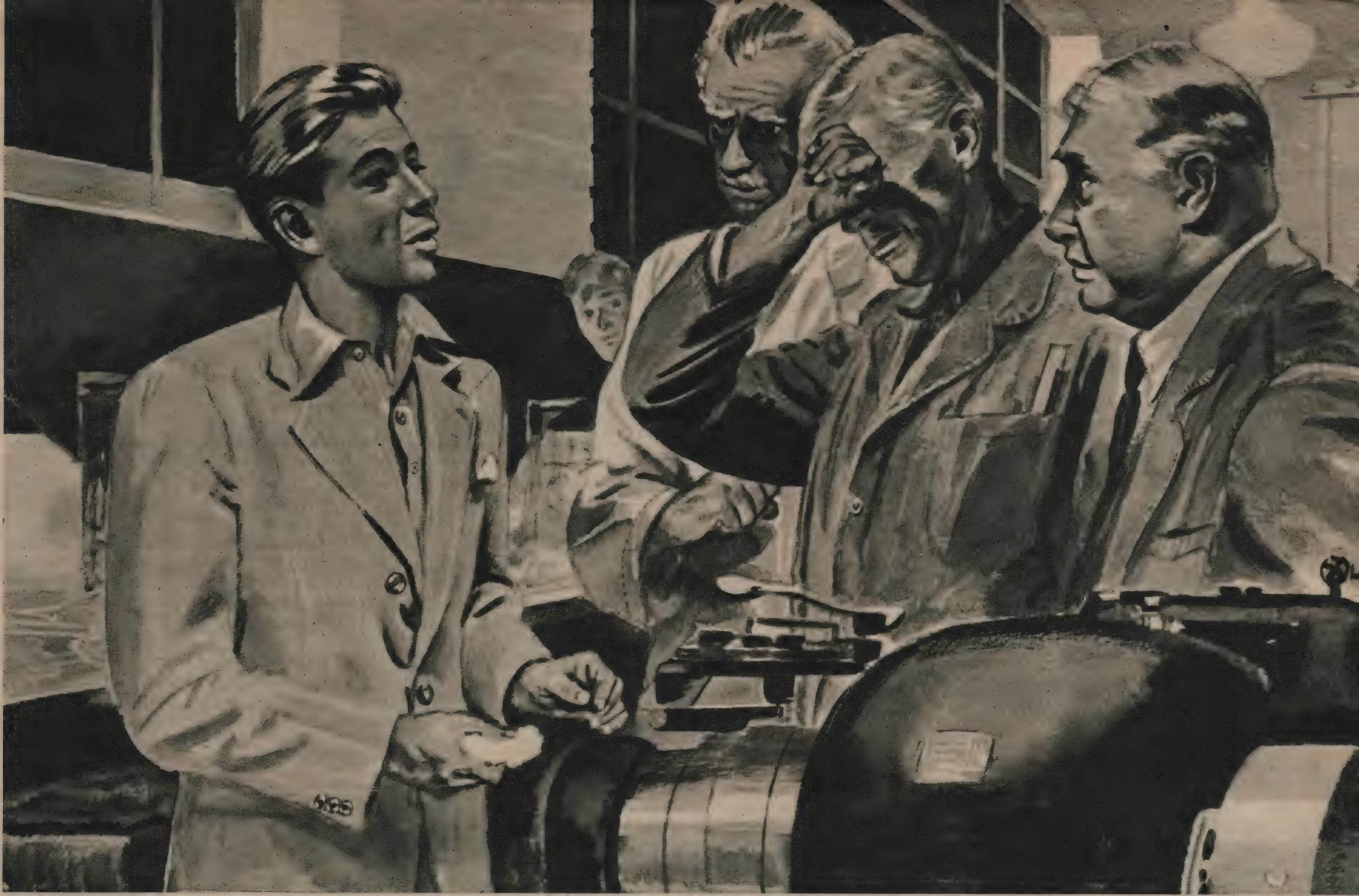

The old man hid his eyes, trying to regain control of himself. Sammy thought quickly. "Hallo," he said brightly. "Got something in your eye?"

Happy Go Sammy

by **JACK TREVOR STORY**

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

They had to admit it: for all his cockiness, Sammy was efficient. If only he would make a mistake . . .

"I WOULDN'T USE that lathe if I were you, old man," Sammy Braithwaite called across the instrument shop. "It's out of true."

The old man, Mr. Granger, most trusted and skilled instrument maker in a trusted and skilled department, went on tightening up the three-jawed chuck in the centre-lathe as though he had not heard the young man speak. But he did it in a way which conveyed all too clearly that he had heard Braithwaite's warning and intended to disregard and ignore it as insolence, just as they all had learned to disregard and ignore Sammy Braithwaite himself.

Sammy in the instrument shop was like chromium plating in a museum. Sammy was young, brash and loud; the instrument makers, like the exhibits in a museum, were elderly, dignified, valuable and not very talkative.

The instrument makers were arranged on stools around the room. On each bench was a lamp which shed a circle of light on to a square of baize, bony, accurate fingers, a grey or bald head, a polished and worn tool chest with key.

They were old and slow but deadly certain of what they were doing. From nine till six they walked from bench to machine and back again with bent knees and stooped shoulders, holding intricate metal parts or bewildering drawings. They were the key men in the production factory, responsible for prototypes and experimental designs; on their slow, painstaking preliminary work depended the fast mass-production which would follow. They wore this responsibility gravely; reserved, deliberate, infallible.

Sammy was not like that at all. He was twenty-six and looked at least five years younger. He had a friendly, open face, bright, humorous eyes and a loud whistle. He wore long jackets with slit-pleat backs, gaberdine slacks and two-colour shoes. And worst of all, so far as the department was concerned, he had no respect for his elders or their trade. Refusing to be told anything, he insisted on telling them a few things instead; and he called them "old man."

Unfortunately, there was little chance of getting rid of Sammy for he did his job accurately and quickly, even though he used some unorthodox methods which he attributed blithely to "the new school." He had a short-cut system of doing things which was all his own. It was a system of trial and error, seemingly wild guesses and almost lunatic confidence in his ability; and for some miraculous reason everything came right in the end.

The old craftsmen had given up waiting for Sammy to make a calamitous mess of a job and they had given up trying to put him right in his methods, for somehow with a sharp, good-humoured but vulgar wit, he made them feel foolish. There was the time Mr. Hancock had rebuked him for sharpening his pencil on the grindstone that was reserved exclusively for tool-steel.

"Don't be silly, cocker," Sammy had said, "this is the machine age, this is—you're out of touch, you lot are. What you been doing—making kites?"

Mr. Hancock had retreated to his bench without a word and Sammy had winked at Gussy, the shop boy. Gussy, a sandy-haired youth of sixteen, never returned Sammy's broad winks on these occasions for fear one of the older men would see him. The boy's loyalties were divided; he respected the older men and was learning from them all he could, but he liked Sammy, too, for they were more of an age. Besides, Sammy had shown the boy that you did not have to be old and serious before you could master a skilled trade. But Sammy was in the minority and Gussy pretended he couldn't wink.

After that gross misuse of the grinding machine, the old men started ignoring Sammy. But Sammy did not seem to notice it and he remained as friendly and helpful towards them as ever. It was this that earned him his first serious and official warning from Mr. Harlow, the shop foreman. Sammy had on that day offered to show Mr. Smithers how to file a piece

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ESCAPE—OR DIE

Since their escape from prison camp on Singapore, McCormac and his friends had travelled far. But they were not free yet. Then out of the jungle came a mysterious stranger. "Follow me," he said, "and ask no questions." Third part of a true story from the records of the R.A.F. Escaping Society

by

PAUL BRICKHILL

On the run with a guerrilla band

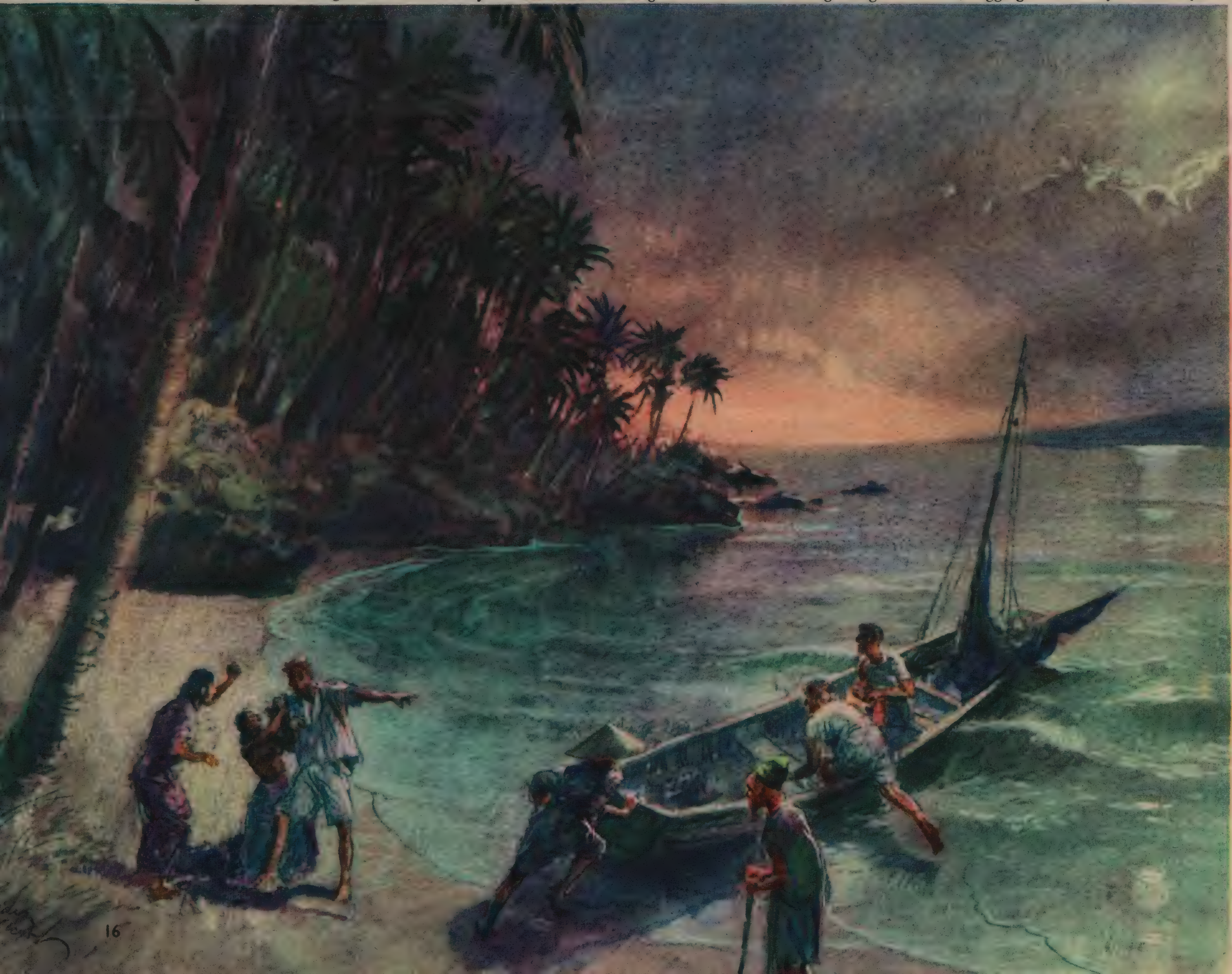
IN THE ISOLATION of the scrubby country around Oosthaven it seemed safe to walk by day, but McCormac stopped his three companions often for rests because of Roy. The journey through the Sumatra jungle had exhausted them all, but Roy was particularly weak from bouts of dysentery, and his condition was beginning to worry McCormac.

By tacit consent, McCormac, an R.A.F. aircrew sergeant, had assumed leadership of the party ever since they had landed on Sumatra after their escape from a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp on Singapore. He had grown up in the East, could speak Malay and Chinese, and his knowledge of the terrain had done much to bring them so far. Their plans for reaching freedom were still vague. Somehow they hoped to find a boat along the coast near Oosthaven, cross over to Java, and from there reach Australia. But that belonged to some miraculous future. For the moment they were concerned only in keeping clear of the Jap troops, and finding enough to eat to stay alive.

For several days they ate reasonably well, finding berries and fruits, occasional coconuts and young bamboo shoots and roots. McCormac said that at this rate they ought to be able to carry on for years. At one stage Skinny, a wiry little gunner from Wales, let out a shout, darted off into the grass by a clump of trees, and dived to the ground. He got up in a moment with a little monkey in his hands, squeaking furiously and clawing at him.

Toughened as they were, they still felt squeamish when he killed it with a knife. McCormac acted as chef, lighting a fire, packing

"I can't stop here. I'm coming, too," cried Skinny as he saw his friends get in the boat. Li-Tong clung to his arm, begging him to stay and marry her



the monkey's body in mud and roasting it. After that the skin peeled away easily and with their fingers they tore off strips of the flesh, which was pale and sweet. Donaldson, who before his capture in Singapore had been an Australian business man, took only a couple of bites, screwed his face up in distaste, and said: "Hell, this is like cannibalism. I'm not having any more." Like naughty children, the others looked at the monkey, and it was so like a tiny baby that they began to feel sick and ashamed. McCormac buried it in the ground and they went on.

Rope Bed Hospitality

Next day they saw a kampong and walked boldly in among the huts. Some of the natives clustered a little way off and stared curiously, and the headman came out. They noticed that he wore Queen Wilhelmina's Medal. McCormac, tactfully addressing him as "Tuan," said they were Eurasians escaping from Japanese labour gangs, and a few minutes later they were reclining at ease on rope beds in a hut. "This Eastern hospitality's pretty good," Skinny said. "I could be happy in this country."

Donaldson said cynically: "The law of the East still says they can hand us over to the Japs. They could get a couple of thousand guilders for us."

"I don't think so," McCormac said. "Not while the headman is wearing the Queen's Medal."

The headman told them later that at Oosthaven, only twenty miles away, were Japanese who sometimes nosed about the kampongs, so they must remain in the hut and not stay long.

They moved off along a trail the next day with elaborate directions from the headman for reaching a kampong just in from the sea and about two miles from Oosthaven. He advised them to go very carefully even if it took some days, and to watch for Japanese in the next kampong before they entered it.

It was on the third morning that Roy's dysentery started again, and in the afternoon he began to vomit. By evening he was in a high fever, sweating and shivering, his skin hot to touch. They built a little nest for him under some trees off a fork in the trail and slept there that night, but in the morning he was no better. "He's got malaria, dysentery, the lot," McCormac said. "If he isn't any better by this evening I'm going to try and find that kampong and get help." He stayed by Roy and the other two went foraging for food.

Girl From The Kampong

Around noon he heard a hail from the track and was startled to see Skinny approaching with a Chinese-Javanese girl, a dark, pretty creature of eighteen wearing black silk trousers, a lace singlet and an embroidered vest. "Her name's Li-Tong," said Skinny, who spoke a few words of Malay now. "I found her on the trail and I think she comes from the next kampong."

McCormac spoke to her, and she told him she was a daughter of the headman's brother, and that there were no Japanese in the kampong, which was only about two miles away. She suggested that they should go back with her. The three men took it in turns to carry Roy pick-a-back, and he was so emaciated that they could have carried him miles. Near the village the girl went ahead, so that when they came to it her father and the headman were waiting for them, and, a little apart, the usual crowd of gaping natives. This time the reception was not quite so friendly. "There are Japanese in Oosthaven and they may hear about you," the headman said.

"They do not worry about Eurasians, Tuan," said McCormac.

"You are Eurasians?"

"Yes, Tuan," McCormac said.

ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON NICOLL, R.I.

McCormac keeps this sword to remind him of the Jap secret police who tortured him in prison. It belonged to one of the Jap police officers

"We are poor here," the headman said. "All young men must work for the Japanese in Oosthaven."

"Then so shall I, Tuan, and pay you my wages," said McCormac. He felt suddenly confident that he could do it. Apparently so did the headman. He nodded and said: "We will give you food and shelter till your friend is better." McCormac, Donaldson and Skinny were led to a dilapidated bamboo hut, and some native women took Roy to another hut. McCormac went over to see him later and found the native women trying to give him a thick herb soup, but the sick man could not keep it down.

In the morning McCormac walked off with the young men of the village to join the Japanese labour gang. They told him that the work was building a road near the sea just out of the town, and only one stupid Japanese sergeant was in charge. McCormac saw about a hundred natives already there as they neared the spot, and his nerves started jumping as he saw the Japanese sergeant and walked over to register for work. He bowed and hissed respectfully, and as he straightened up, the Japanese sergeant noticed his blue eyes. He said, in Malay, with more curiosity than suspicion: "Who are you?"

"I have escaped from the Dutch Company in the north," McCormac said. "I am trying to reach my family in Bandoeng."

"You have blue eyes?"

"My father was a German." McCormac had had that story ready for days. He had a sudden fright that the Japanese might speak to him in German, but the Jap said, quite agreeably: "That is a good combination."

Forgot He Was European

From that moment, McCormac forgot that he was European and felt and acted completely like a Eurasian. For the next five days he dug earth, carried it in baskets, and cracked rocks with a hammer. Every evening the Japanese sergeant, listlessly disinterested, handed him four occupation guilders, which McCormac handed to the headman. It was back-breaking work, and McCormac said wryly that he was "browned off," slaving all day so that the other two could eat and loaf, though it would have been crazy for Donaldson and Skinny, speaking little but English, to try to deceive the Japanese. Skinny, who looked fairly repulsive with his cropped head, missing teeth, beard and bony frame, spent most of his time with little Li-Tong, who seemed to be enchanted by him.

With his family at home in Welling, Kent. Left to right: Charles, Courtney, Dawn and Pat, the wife he had once given up for dead

Roy had been getting worse all the time, and there was nothing they could do about it. The native women never left his side, but by the third day he was alternating between coma and delirium, and that night he died. Somehow it did not affect the other three very much: death had been close for too long, and self-preservation had grown a toughened hide over their emotions. They accepted it, and there was little more to it than that. In the morning Donaldson and Skinny helped the natives to bury him.

Surprise Marriage Proposal

In the evening the headman said to McCormac, suggestively: "You will want to be moving on, Tuan." It was the first time he had called him Tuan, and McCormac wondered a little nervously how he had suddenly known they were Europeans. "Can you help us across the Sunda Strait to Java?" he asked. The headman looked unenthusiastic. "That would be difficult."

McCormac said: "If we *are* white tuans and the Japanese catch us they may make us talk." The old man looked suddenly worried and sat quite still, thinking. He said at last: "I think perhaps something might be arranged," and left them.

He was back in the hut in the morning before McCormac was ready to leave with the road gang, and said: "As the Tuan Skinny is to marry his daughter, the father of Li-Tong has arranged that a fisherman will take the two friends across the strait." That is as near to his words as McCormac can remember. He did not take it in for a moment, but looked dumbly at the old man, and then he and Donaldson were staring thunderstruck at Skinny.

Skinny said, embarrassed: "Well, I've been doing a bit of a line with Li-Tong and . . . I dunno, I just asked her to marry me. It sort of happened."

Donaldson said: "Well, for Pete's sake. . . ."

"What's wrong with it?" Skinny demanded. "She's pretty nice, and it gets you two across the strait, anyway."

"Does that mean you're staying here?" McCormac asked incredulously.

"I can marry her for a while, anyway. It'll be safe here. I like the life, and when

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Where the boisterous nineties

The clock stops in 1899 at the Players Theatre. Villains are hissed, heroines cheered, and foaming tankards are raised in a toast to Queen Victoria

by MARJORIE EARL

JUST BEFORE playwright Terence Rattigan went overseas during the war he sent a letter of farewell to a friend and fellow-member of the Players Theatre Club. "Tomorrow I leave with my regiment to fight against that scourge of mankind whose insatiable ambition and lust for conquest has plunged us all into this terrible war," he wrote. "I refer, of course, to Cetewayo, so-called King of the Zulus."

To an outsider, it might seem that Rattigan was confused about the name, if not the character, of his foe. But to a habitué of the Players Theatre his message was strictly correct. For it is a basic characteristic of this gay, boisterous, Victorian music-hall, where the audience hisses the villain, cheers the heroine and joins in the choruses of lugubrious nineteenth-century ballads, that it rigidly ignores all wars after the Boer, as well as all twentieth-century social and political changes.

This unique institution, set under the Hungerford Bridge arches in Villiers Street, near Charing Cross Station, every night presents vintage entertainment to a full house, and is a favourite tourist attraction of London's West End. Americans think of it as the very essence of Old England, and exactly what they crossed the Atlantic to enjoy. They submit cheerfully to insults, and revel in it when the chairman calls them rebel colonials and invites them to use their visit to England profitably by picking up a few hints about running a country successfully.

"We are always glad to help struggling young nations," he tells American guests, "and perhaps some day in the future you may be able to help us." Australians are delighted when urged to show their chain marks, a reference to the days when their country was a penal colony. Canadians, normally sensitive about their new nationhood, laugh when they are patronized as colonials, and South Africans cheer when they are told the good news about the relief of Ladysmith.

A Russian Complained

Even a correspondent of the Russian Tass news agency smiled when it was explained to him that what he took to be a national insult was merely part of the Players' deliberate attempt to transport the audience back to the last century. The chairman, a jovial man with gavel and quart pot, always asks visitors from abroad to identify themselves. When the Tass man admitted his nationality the chairman referred to "His Imperial Majesty, Emperor of All Russia."

Scowling, the Russian journalist buried his chin in his collar, and during the interval he complained to the chairman. "It was wrong of you to mention the Romanoffs to a citizen of the Soviet Union," he stormed.

"The Soviet Union?" repeated the chairman. "I have never heard of it. And I'm sure Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria never heard of it either. This is the nineteenth century, you know." The Russian, baffled by British humour, but satisfied that he had not been insulted, bought the chairman a drink to prove that there were no hard feelings.

The Players Theatre calls its regular show *The Late Joys*—an echo of London's first song and supper rooms, opened in 1844 in what had been a Covent Garden family hotel operated by a man named Joy. The Players do not serve the elaborate meals that were available in this nineteenth-century forerunner of modern cabaret, nor is the beer so cheap. But it is served, at modern prices, together with neo-Victorian hot dogs and sandwiches, to be consumed during the performance from the auditorium's comfortable chairs.

This near-authentic Victorianism, with its generous good fellowship and rowdy audience

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Hattie Jacques (with Don Gemmell) can be coy, sedate or "hideously blowsy," according to the style of the ballad she sings

PLAYERS THEA

Gemmell says good night to members at the theatre entrance under Hungerford Bridge arches. American generals and a Russian journalist have seen the shows

ive again

participation, reflects the personality of an expansive, genial Scot named Don Gemmell. He is in charge of all productions and is the regular chairman. A spiritual Victorian, he is an authority on the old-time music-hall, and he is always trying to make the Villiers Street copy more like the Covent Garden original.

He is constantly searching for out-of-print songs to add to the Players' musical museum, which already includes such doleful classics as "Please Sell No More Drink To My Father" and "She Has Fallen By The Wayside." He haunts junk shops for authentic costumes and props. When he is dressed for the part, he looks as though he has just stepped from the frame of a Victorian print.

Lyrics For Alaskan Doctor

An expert showman, Gemmell has made the Players Theatre one of the most successful of all British theatre clubs. Under his direction it has become almost a household word in the tourist industry. The 3,000 ordinary members pay an annual subscription of three guineas, plus an entrance fee of two guineas. Tourists can become temporary members by presenting their passports and paying 7s. 6d.

This concession has resulted in the Players Theatre having supporters all over the world. A doctor in Alaska, who once attended the show, wrote asking for a supply of the pink song sheets which are provided instead of programmes. He said he could think of no better addition to the house parties which are the staple entertainment of the American north.

An Australian wrote to say that he had recently been one of an international group whose paths crossed in a hot African outpost. Two Englishmen discovered that they were both members of the Players Theatre, and taught him some of the Victorian choruses. Now he wanted to become a member during his next visit to England.

Six German judges who had come to London a few months ago to study procedure in British courts of law, asked for permission to attend the theatre. They had heard of it so often, they said, that they felt it would be a shame to go back to Germany without having seen it for themselves. A high-ranking American army officer was so intrigued with the Players' casual brand of entertainment that he wrote to Gemmell inviting him to lunch, "to thank you for the thoroughly enjoyable times I have had." Gemmell accepted.

Costume Not For Streets

But another American's invitation was withdrawn when Gemmell explained that he could not wear his Victorian costume of tight trousers, flowing tail coat, velvet waistcoat, frilled shirt and immaculate white gloves. "I'm not a *real* Victorian. I only wear this costume on stage," he explained to his rather muddled would-be host.

Tall, jovial and usually smiling, Gemmell takes up his position every night at one corner of the small stage, before a table covered with a genuine Victorian plush cloth and decorated with two burning candles in Victorian candlesticks. In one hand he holds a gavel, which he uses to pound the table as he introduces artists with the flourishes demanded by Victorian music-hall tradition. In the

Everything at the Players is genuinely Victorian, down to the actresses' underwear. Mrs. Goddard ("Goldie"), wardrobe assistant, tugs hard to help Vida Hope into her elaborate wasp-waist corsets

In frilled lace shirt and with quart pot handy, the chairman introduces Vida Hope to sing "She Was Poor But She Was Honest"

other hand he holds a pewter quart tankard, which he raises to his lips just often enough to encourage the patrons to keep their glasses charged.

Although Gemmell has been on the stage for sixteen years, he still finds this rôle taxing. There is a skeleton script, which lays down the form for introducing the artists, announcing intervals "to refresh the inner lady and gentleman," and proposing the nightly toasts to "Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and her great and glorious reign." But Gemmell has to rely on his wits to keep the audience in the right humour, so that they sing the choruses with appropriate nineteenth-century gusto and respond with bright repartee when he speaks to them.

CIGARS
HOME MAGIC SET
DEMONSTRATION EVERY HOUR
DICK ERICSON

Knife Edge Of Propriety

One of the favourite sources of badinage between stalls and stage concerns Gemmell's kilt, which is his off-stage trademark, and his frequent visits to Paris.

Teetering precariously on the knife edge of propriety, these jokes refer to his alleged sojourns in L'Hotel Sordide and his search for talent on the streets of Montmartre. They often leave Gemmell coming off second best.

The rôle has one serious hazard. Sometimes the audience gang up on the chairman when they want an encore from their favourite performer, Hattie Jacques. Encores are not allowed, a rule difficult to enforce where Hattie is concerned. A pretty, amply proportioned girl, who can be dreadfully coy, magnificently sedate or hideously blowsy as the occasion demands, she is invariably funny. When she sang her first song at the Players Theatre in 1939 she was, in her own words, "a wishy-washy soprano." Then one day she was assigned to sing "The Robert E. Lee."

"It just happened to be in the right key, and I belted it out in a raucous tone that has been my style ever since," she says. She was so successful at the Players Theatre that she became a star of *Itma*, still appears regularly on the B.B.C., and has taken part in two Command Performances.

Besides being a star of the Players Theatre, Hattie Jacques shares other responsibilities with co-star Joan Sterndale Bennett, another veteran. They are now cataloguing the music library, and both make regular visits to the British Museum to search through old song books for new material. They are also the theatre's official hairdressers, and have made a thorough study of Victorian hair styles.

The actresses wear real Victorian costumes, Victorian underwear and, when they can find a pair to fit, high-button shoes. Mary Bennett, the wardrobe mistress, says that members always advise her when they are turning out an attic; friendly shoemakers keep her stocked with shoe-buttons, which are hard to find today.

The Players Theatre was started in 1936 by Peter Ridgeway and Leonard Sachs, with an original investment of two and sixpence. This sum, all they had between them, they recklessly squandered one afternoon on beer for the lessee of the Eden Club in Covent Garden. They managed to persuade him to surrender his lease for a modest sum, and hurriedly raised the money. *The Late Joys*, for which they visualized a fortnight's run—if they were lucky—was one of their first ventures. It was an immediate success, and has been running ever since.

Gemmell, who started out as a serious actor, joined the cast in 1939 to sing a song called "We're About To Have A Baby." He thought at the time that it was just a temporary engagement, but, like the show, he has been running ever since. When Leonard Sachs was called up into the Forces, Gemmell became co-manager, and in 1947, after Sachs left, he became the permanent producer and one of three directors.

Soft-hearted Producer

Off stage as well as on, Gemmell has assumed the rôle of father of the organization. When a member has any complaint, he makes it to Gemmell. So do the staff and regular performers. Some of his colleagues complain, mildly, that he spends too much time keeping everybody in a good humour, and not enough on rehearsals and other down-to-earth matters. One of his friends says he is so soft-hearted that he is apt to keep a mediocre performer in the show. On the other hand, this kind of gentleness is rewarded by unshakable loyalty.

When the theatre moved into its present quarters, on the site of Gatti's, another famous Victorian music hall, the staff and performers sent a delegation to Gemmell offering to work for nothing until the books were balanced. Similar offers came from star performers who had started at the Players. When the directors concluded long-standing negotiations to install running water backstage, Bernard Miles, who was once regularly on the programme, offered to pay for it. "Fortunately, it hasn't been necessary to accept their generosity, but it was nice of them to think of it," Gemmell says.

Sometimes called the soundest business proposition in London's West End, the Players Theatre can look back to the time, not too remote, when only one member of the staff drew a regular salary. This was the charwoman, who once proved to be an extremely expensive employee. In 1939, when the theatre moved from Covent Garden to Albemarle Street, a mural estimated to be worth £1,500 was painted by the artist Feliks Topolski, a member. The charwoman assiduously scrubbed it off, and left a note warning the directors that unless members were ordered not to scribble on the walls she would quit.

Ustinov's First Show

It was during this time, when the Players were weathering the blitz, that a young actor of eighteen made his stage début as Madame Liselotte Beethovan-Finck, a *lieder* singer in the twenty-fifth year of her farewell tour. This skit was such a success that a prominent critic commented: "This was really too powerful to be merely funny and one cannot help but wonder what the future holds for this young man." The young man was Peter Ustinov.

The Players are proud of the fact that, like the Windmill, with its famous girl-show, they never closed. During one of the three moves the theatre has made in its fifteen years' history, a member opened his house in Hampstead for two weeks so that there would be no break in the continuous performances. "We even got an audience up there," Gemmell says proudly.

Recently a man in search of entertainment telephoned the Players. "Have you anything on there tonight?" he asked.

"Have we anything on?" echoed the young woman who answered the telephone, protest in the rising inflection of every word. "Of course we have. What do you think we are—the Windmill?" THE END

GUEST STAR

Continued from page 7

morning backstage—Bob Jacoby, who had written *Time Out Of Hand*, and Bill, and some of the cast. Then the boy had come in with the papers, and we knew it was a hit. Every paper said so.

And they all made it clear that it was *my* hit. A field day for twenty-five year old Paul Carteret. A triumph for the young man who had taken on the most exacting dramatic rôle of the decade. And so on.

There was also a lot of reminiscence about Walter and Lillian Carteret, that grand couple of the stage, and how unfortunate it was that they weren't alive this night to see their son come into his own. But the Carteret tradition was in safe hands, no question about it. It was in my hands, and it would be safe as long as I was there to bear it onwards. . . .

There was all that and then Bill's room at the Plaza, with a mob of people and gallons of champagne and the papers being torn up and thrown wildly around and the night manager at the door saying: "Please, guests are trying to sleep—*please!*"

So the truth was that I really hadn't had much time to think of anything clearly with all the excitement, and when I told that to Myrna McCormack she seemed pleased with me.

"Paul," she said, "I hope you never lose that modesty." I could feel the warm waves of approval that Bill was sending out.

But I was disturbed. I felt that there was something I should have thought of, should have remembered, even during all the excitement. It was the feeling you get at the counter of a shop when you realize there's something you've left off your shopping list. No matter how trivial, it becomes the most important thing in the world just then, and you are vague and unhappy until you can think of it.

That was my feeling during most of the time the programme was on the air. Myrna McCormack's introduction of me dwelt heavily on my mother and father and the great name they had made in the theatre, which, I suppose, was fair enough, since practically none of her audience had ever seen me on the stage and all of them certainly knew about Walter and Lillian Carteret.

Through it all I found myself groping for that one evasive thought. It was Myrna McCormack who finally gave me the clue to it.

"Paul," she said, "wouldn't you say your rôle in *Time Out Of Hand* has given you the most rewarding experience you've ever known before an audience?"

"Yes," I said. But as I said it I suddenly knew it was the wrong answer, and what I had been trying to remember came back. It was about my father and mother and the old house at Highmount and the little shop at the crossroads. And, more than anything else, it was about Mr. Stanton. . . .

*   *   *

I was twelve years old that summer. It began like every summer I could remember up to then. We had gone to our home in Highmount. The first week, my parents could do no more than lie about exhausted, so that you had to tiptoe when you were near them.

Then there were signs of life again, marked by the appearance of friends from the theatre who had to be entertained. Finally, there was Mr. Harrison, the producer, with scripts in his hand and a worried look on his face and an eager young playwright in tow.

After that, there was the steady thump of my father's feet on the library floor as he paced up and down learning his part, and the vibrant echo of my mother's voice through the house as she learned hers.

The house was a huge Victorian barn of a place perched in the middle of nowhere. All I had around me was the sound of rehearsals and theatre talk, until I came to hate the theatre more than I had ever hated anything in my whole life.

When I ran away that morning I suppose I was really running away from the theatre. I could hear the scraping of furniture in the living-room as Martin, our butler, and some of the other servants busily arranged the room to conform with a stage set; I could hear my father and mother arguing about an entrance line with their usual dramatic fervour; and I slipped through the front door and started running along the hard, dusty road that ran steeply down to the village.

I didn't run far. I had never travelled that road before except in a car, and after a while it struck me that it was a much longer trip than I had imagined, and I was terribly thirsty.

When I came to the shabby general store at the crossroads, I knew what I would do. I had some money; I would go in and have a lemonade and also buy some cakes to take along. I had no idea of where I was going or how long it would take me to get there, but I felt that the cakes were a necessary part of any journey.

The shop was a cool and quiet relief after the heat of the sun on the road. It was the first time I had ever been in an old-fashioned village store, and the variety of its stock was overwhelming.

An old man was sitting in a straight-backed armchair, looking at me. A gaunt man with hard, bony features and bright, wide-awake eyes.

I waited politely for him to speak, and finally, when the silence had grown a little alarming, he did so.

"You're a summer visitor, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"You'd be from up the hill, I suppose. The Carteret boy, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"At a public school, aren't you?"

I was surprised he knew this. "Yes, sir," I said, and then jumped as he slapped his hand on the arm of his chair.

"Well, you're not at school here," he told me. "And I'm not your housemaster or whatever he is. I'm plain Mr. Stanton, and I don't like to see any boy stand like you do, or hear him talk like that, either. Relax, my boy, and you'll feel better for it."

"Yes, sir," I said, and then hastily corrected myself. "Yes, Mr. Stanton."

He nodded approvingly at me. "Now, what are you here for?" he said.

"I'd like something to drink, and

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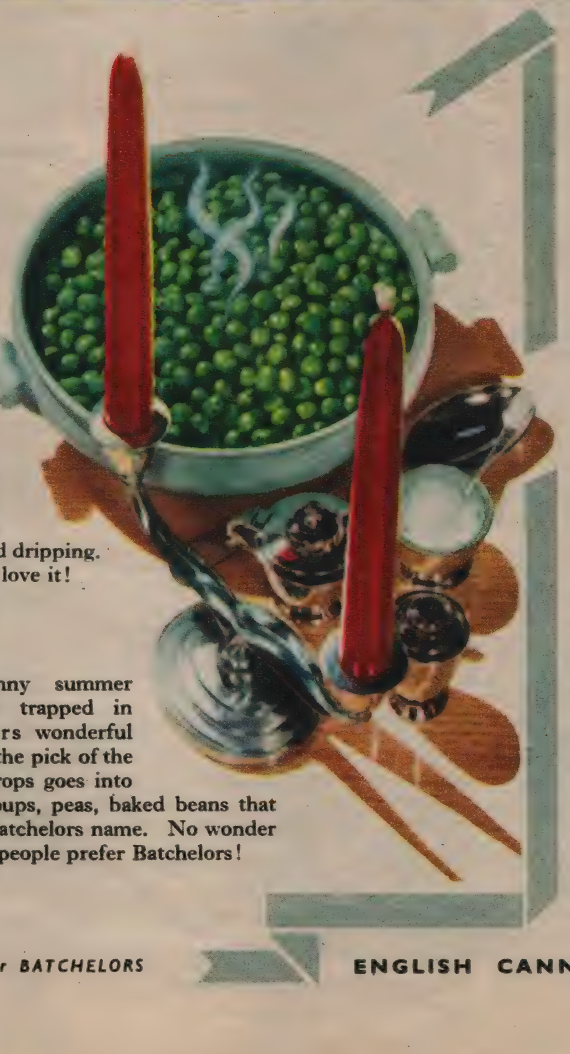

Ambitious Wife

"When Gerald's boss was called abroad, Gerald took over. Six-year-old Penny and I both realised our responsibility—a man's womenfolk make his success, you know!

"Gerald's new duties included entertaining. What a test for me! Extra good meals at shortest notice. Yet I must always be the charming hostess, though I do all my work myself.

"On Gerald's free evenings, how Penny loved to help! And I did marvels, I'm told, when we entertained. Our family favourites—Batchelors *wonderful* canned foods—were my salvation. Especially Batchelors tender, delicious peas that make 'ordinary' meals seem treats! Grand result of the family's efforts — Gerald's been promoted!"... Guests and family will be impressed by your good meals. Just order delicious Batchelors today!

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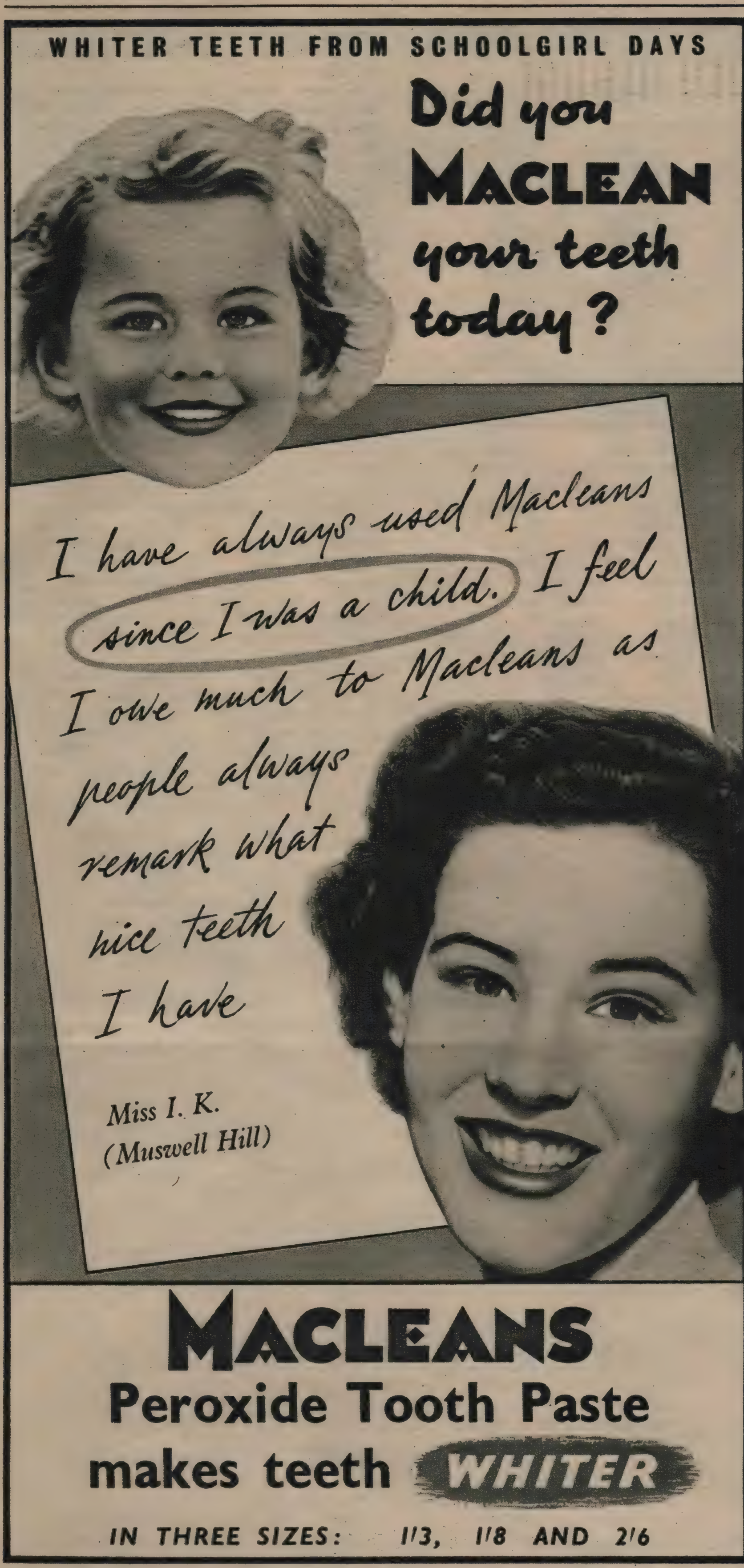
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some cakes to take away with me, please."

"Take where?" he asked. "Going on a picnic?"

I hesitated. "Well, no, sir. I mean, no, Mr. Stanton. Not exactly."

"Oh?" he said, and then, to my surprise, he winked broadly at me. "Running away?"

I could only wonder by what magic he seemed to know every thought in my head. "Yes," I admitted.

"Where to?"

"I don't know," I said apologetically. "I haven't thought about that."

"Then it's no good. Point is not to run *away* from something, but to run *to* something. Funny," he said, looking at me hard, "but I thought you'd be heading for the nearest theatre. I mean, what with your parents and all."

"Oh, no!" I cried so vehemently that he was obviously taken aback.

"What does that mean?" he demanded. "Don't you like the theatre?"

"I hate it!"

"You sound as if you mean it. Got any good reasons?"

I had never told anyone my feelings about myself because there never had been anyone who was much interested. Now that someone, miraculously, sounded interested, I grabbed my opportunity with both hands. All my hurt, loneliness and resentment came out in an incoherent and highly impassioned monologue that still makes me blush when I think of it.

When it was all over, Mr. Stanton nodded at me gravely. "Now," he asked, "do you feel better?"

"Yes, sir," I said, and I really believe I did.

"All right, then. What I want you to do is get yourself a good drink of water from the pump outside and then come back in here."

WHEN I returned, with my face dripping and the front of my shirt sodden, he was waiting for me with a book in his hand.

"This is William Shakespeare, laddie, and here's something he wrote from *The Tempest*. I want you to read it to me."

I couldn't think of any way of refusing, so I took the book and read the passage to him. I tripped over some of the words—none of it made much sense to me—and I felt foolish and uncomfortable when I had finished.

"Didn't go very well, did it?" observed Mr. Stanton. "Well, now, perhaps if I explain it first and we get over some of the hard words, you'll do better."

I thought it went better the second time, but Mr. Stanton was still critical.

"Now you're just swallowing it," he said. "You aren't ashamed of reading this, are you?"

The fact was that I *was* ashamed. If anyone had entered the door and caught me standing there declaiming from that book I would have sunk through the floor. But I lied politely about it, and we tried again.

Mr. Stanton was still not satisfied. "Now you're bellowing it," he complained. "You're not letting the words do the work, boy. You've got to remember that about Shakespeare. The words are so big and fine that if you just get them over clear they'll do your work. Just understand what he means and let the people know that. Now try again."

After the tenth time that Mr. Stanton had said: "All right, let's try again. 'Our revels now are ended . . .' " I recited the passage in a way that pleased him.

"That's it," he said triumphantly. "That's the way it ought to sound. The meaning is there and the feeling behind it and everything under control. That's the way it should be every time. And the only way to make sure is to practise it. Learn it by heart. Then we'll have that one ready, and we can start on a new one tomorrow."

I had been delighted with myself when he praised me, but now I hesitated before what seemed like a monstrous project for my whole summer holiday. Still, there seemed no way of getting out of it without hurting his feelings, so I thanked him and took the book and promised to be back the next day. It wasn't until I was halfway home that I realized I had never got my cakes, and that Mr. Stanton never had any intention of giving them to me.

That summer I lived with Shakespeare, and although it started as a duty, I soon found myself memorizing whole passages with pleasure, devouring the plays with a fanatic eagerness, and learning the excitement of words. No one at home seemed to notice or care, which was all right because I had the guilty feeling that if they did know, it would spoil it all. The only one who knew, apart from Mr. Stanton and me, was Eva, Mr. Stanton's wife.

I MET Eva on my second visit to the shop, but I didn't know she was Mrs. Stanton until another week had passed. Not only did Mr. Stanton always refer to her as "Eva," and she to him as "Mr. Stanton," but she was a stout, red-faced woman with the speech and manner of what I could think of only as a laundress or domestic servant. And she hovered over Mr. Stanton with an eager worry totally unlike anything I had ever seen in my mother, or in any of the wives in her circle.

Mr. Stanton corrected me when I happened to call her Eva. "That's bad manners, laddie. 'Mrs. Stanton' would sound better, wouldn't it?"

I could feel myself turning bright red. "I'm sorry," I said. And then I blurted out: "I didn't know she was your wife, sir."

He smiled at me grimly. "Don't use your ears, do you?"

"I—I——" I said, completely bewildered.

"I mean, you don't hear much local gossip, do you?"

I understood that all right. "Oh. No."

"Well, if you stay here long enough you will. Something like a story right out of Shakespeare. A young sprig from one of the 'good' families around here ups and marries a Polish housemaid. His father cuts him off without a shilling, and since he's too sick to make anything of himself he has to live off a flyblown shop at the crossroads. Isn't that dramatic?"

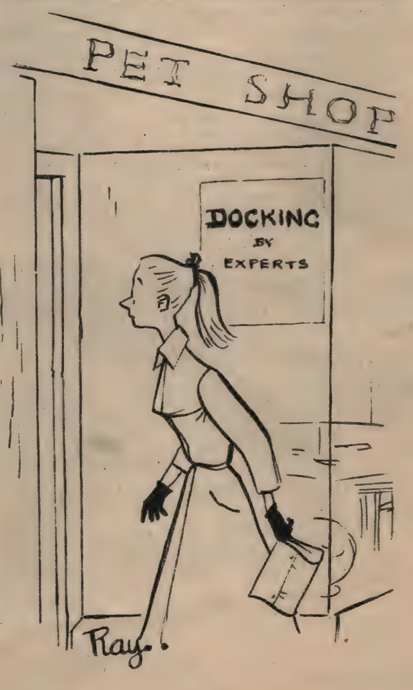
All I knew was it embarrassed me to have him talking about such things, but I wanted to please him, so I said: "It's dramatic, all right."

"No, it isn't, laddie. It might be if he killed his father or his wife or himself, but he didn't. All he did was settle down and enjoy a nice long life, because the kind of woman he married makes sure of that. How does that sound to you?"

"I like it a lot better that way, sir," I answered.

He said, in what seemed an abrupt change of subject: "Then remember that it's 'Mrs. Stanton,' in future."

I can remember only one other edge



of friction between us that summer. I had just finished reciting the Queen Mab speech from *Romeo* entirely from memory—and very well, I thought. Instead of commenting on it, Mr. Stanton said: "Have you ever seen your father act?"

I didn't count all the rehearsals I had seen at home. "I saw him last Christmas," I said.

"Do you know he isn't a very good actor?"

I was thunderstruck at this blasphemy. You didn't think about whether my father was a good actor or bad actor; you just knew he was The Actor, the one everybody queued to see. And, careless as I was about my feelings for my father or mother, I felt as if I had been stabbed.

"I think my father is a very good actor, Mr. Stanton," I said heatedly.

"All right, then. Just shut your eyes and picture him doing this Queen Mab thing on a stage. Now, tell me, do you see the pictures Shakespeare has drawn, or do you see your father standing there and talking?"

It was hard once you had the image of my father fixed in your mind's eye to see anything but him. But I staunchly denied that, and Mr. Stanton shook his head sadly. "You're loyal, my boy, and you can't be blamed for that. But you're wrong."

"I'm not," I said. "My father is a great actor."

"Listen, Paul," Mr. Stanton said. "Before you were born I saw your mother and father do *Romeo*. They had a wonderful time at it, and the audience had a wonderful time, too, but do you know what I saw?"

"What?"

"I saw Walter and Lillian Carteret playing Walter and Lillian Carteret. It was all flash and dazzle, and I suppose it was all right because it made the audience happy. But it wasn't great acting. Great entertaining perhaps, but that's all. Will Shakespeare ran a poor second to the Carterets that night."

My anger was still there, but he had a way of getting your interest to rise and submerge it. "What's the difference between acting and entertaining? There doesn't seem to me to be any."

"Perhaps there doesn't; the way you read the lines sometimes shows that clear enough. But now and then you forget you're there. Shakespeare is right *in* you with all those great thoughts and great words, and you want to make me understand them. Then you're acting."

THAT was the last time we ever discussed my parents critically, but now and then they would creep into our conversation by other means.

I had learned a little about running the shop, and I was proud of myself when I could wait on a customer. Eva didn't like it; she had the anxious feeling that I was an honoured guest, and that it was wrong for me to stir a finger around the shop, but Mr. Stanton didn't mind. He watched me once as I neatly stacked tins in a display.

"Take to it like a duck to water, don't you?" he asked.

"I don't mind it," I said. "It's just like playing about."

"What do you think your father and mother would say if they caught you like this? Or are they planning to make shopkeeping your life's work?"

Up to that moment I had never thought about what plans my parents might have for my future, or, for that matter, about the future itself. At school you thought vaguely about Sandhurst and the Army or about Business or University and the Diplomatic Service. Beyond that you did little thinking about the future; the present was too crowded for that.

But now I tried to think about Sandhurst and the Army, which made me writhe as did Business or anything else people did to make a living when they grew up. I didn't seem destined for anything, as I told Mr. Stanton.

He eyed me reflectively. "Have you ever thought of the theatre?" he asked. "It's a nice life if you've got talent. And," he added, "you might have some talent."

"The theatre?" I repeated vaguely, and we dropped the subject.

A few weeks before, the idea would have seemed incredible to me. But now it began to take on a solid and pleasing form, and it started an exciting plan running through my head. A week or two later, I nerved myself to broach it to my mother.

"Another school?" she said. "With dramatics? Paul, what in the world has come over you? Don't you like Holliston?"

When I made it clear how much I hated it, she was shocked.

"Paul, why didn't you let me know about this last term?"

I didn't know how to answer that. Later, I realized that before I knew Mr. Stanton it had never struck me that there was any other kind of school, a school where Prince Hal and Mercutio and Queen Mab might be more important than irregular verbs or scoring a touchdown against a rival school. But even without my explanation my mother understood how I felt.

"Of course, Paul," she said. "Another school. And with dramatics. I'll ask your father to see to it at once. And, you know, I think he'll be rather pleased."

NEXT day, I couldn't wait to see Mr. Stanton. There was the wonderful news about school, and a dozen pages of *King Lear* that I thought I had down to perfection, and, all in all, enough to make quite an occasion of it.

I was annoyed to find, when I got there, that there was a surprisingly large number of people in the shop. Eva drew me to one side as soon as I had said hallo to Mr. Stanton.

"He is not very good," she whispered to me, and I knew she meant that he was not feeling well. "The doctor says tomorrow he got to go to bed a few days, so maybe you don't come for a little while. I tell you when he is all right again."

I felt sorry for Mr. Stanton, but, childishly, I felt more angry and hurt at being pushed outside what seemed to be a favoured group of friends. I tried to swallow this, but it stuck in my throat, and when I spoke to Mr. Stanton he must have understood. He was ashen grey, and his face looked bonier than ever, and when I told him about the school his smile was only the shadow of a smile.

"And that *King Lear*, Paul. Have you got it off pat?"

"Yes, sir."

He laid his hand on mine. "Would you mind reciting it before my friends? I know they'd like to hear it."

"I'd rather not, Mr. Stanton," I said. "I hope you feel better." And I walked out firmly resolved that if that was all he thought of me I'd never even bother to go back again.

I never did go back to the shop again, but that was not my farewell to Mr. Stanton and Eva. Early in the evening three days later, Martin knocked at the door of my room. "There is a person to see you, Master Paul," he said primly. "A Mrs. Stanton. She's at the side entrance and refuses to come in."

It was Eva, and from the way she looked I knew I was very close to something that had never touched me before.

I was right. Mr. Stanton had died the day after I had last seen him, and she had a message for me from him. It was a strange feeling, knowing he was dead and getting that message, and it left me very shaky.

"The burial is tomorrow," Eva said. "Mr. Stanton said you would come, please, and speak something. He said I should tell you *The Temper*, and you would know."

"*The Temper*?" I repeated stupidly, and then I understood. "*The Tempest*. He wanted me to say that part from *The Tempest*?"

"Yes, *The Tempest*," she said eagerly. "It was the last thing he spoke to me, so it is very holy."

I wanted to refuse—the idea was a nightmare—but I found I couldn't say no to Eva.

"All right," I said quickly, half angrily. "All right, I'll be there."

"It's the place before the crossroads. At nine o'clock."

I knew where the cemetery was, I had passed it every day going down to the crossroads. Entering it the next day, I was terrified, not by the thought of the dead all around, but by the anticipation of standing up before strangers and reciting Shakespeare. They wouldn't understand; they wouldn't care; and I would be far better off at the bottom of one of those graves.

I think the dour-looking minister was as disconcerted as I was.

"Mr. Carteret?" he said in a bewildered voice, and looked at Eva. "I somehow thought it was going to be the *other* Mr. Carteret. I never thought. . . ."

That was all that was needed to make my terror and humiliation complete. He had been expecting my father; undoubtedly father's presence would have made a grand occasion of this, and now here *I* was. But he carried on manfully, read the service, and then stood aside for me to take my place at the head of the coffin.

"Mr. Carteret," he said, "has been invited to speak a few lines," and then nodded at me.

FOR a moment, I hesitated. I looked at him, I looked at Eva standing there with her face puffy and tear-streaked, and I looked at the others solemnly watching me. There was a hot, sunny smell in the air, and a little thrashing of leaves now and then as gusts of breeze scudded through the trees around us, and there was Mr. Stanton in that box in front of me.

And then I understood about the theatre. When I spoke to these strangers, I had to make them understand and care. I could feel myself shaking all over, and then the strength of familiarity came back to me as I spoke the wonderful lines:

"Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. . . ."

There was a silence when I had finished, because no one knew what to do or say. I looked at them, and I think that if they could have applauded they would have done so, and I knew my first taste of applause even if it was silent.

Then an inspiration moved the minister. He took my hand and shook it gravely. "We have been greatly honoured, Mr. Carteret," he said.

I wanted to say thank you, but I couldn't. All I knew was that I suddenly had to cry, and I was ashamed of myself. I turned and ran through the cemetery gate, and only when I was out of sight of the cemetery did I understand that Mr. Stanton was really gone.

* * *

There was firm applause, and I looked with surprise at the neat rows of people in the audience before me.

"And now," Myrna McCormack said, "in concluding today's programme we want to thank our guest star, and one of the theatre's great new stars, for his appearance here. And we also want to offer a little prayer of thanks to those whose memory he holds dear and whose great love of the theatre has surely inspired his own work in it."

She looked at me and blinked her eyes, which were shiny with emotion. "You know who that is, don't you, Paul?" she asked softly.

"I certainly do, Miss McCormack," I said.

And I did. THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

MINE WAS a lonely childhood. This photograph was taken at Brighton just before Christmas, 1917. It was not a happy time. The first World War was dragging through its fourth dreary winter.

My schooldays as a boarder at Xaverian College, Brighton, were not very successful. But I did occasionally get moved to higher forms, due to a rather alarming tendency on my part to grow extremely quickly. Masters would look askance at so huge a lad in so low a form, and move me up out of sheer embarrassment. I was not altogether to blame for my backwardness, for I had bad health as a boy.

At home, I did a great deal of cooking. My family was not very wealthy and could not afford a cook. Neither of my parents was at all skilful in the culinary art. But I was hungry, and so I took it upon myself to be the chef.

By the age of ten I could make a cake and cook a Sunday dinner. I cannot remember any of my recipes, but I know that my early training in the kitchen has given me a certain discrimination and I cannot be hoodwinked easily by professional chefs.

Perhaps I dressed up and imagined myself to be other people a little more than most children. I also read a great deal. By the time I had reached the age when this photograph was taken I knew every play of Shakespeare's; whether I understood a single one is a different matter.

Out of school hours I would go to the Brighton Hippodrome, where I saw a glorious collection of music-hall artists. My seat would cost a shilling, and I spent fourpence on a glass of ginger wine. This I considered a strong and most manly beverage!

But I never seriously considered it would be possible for me to go into the theatre myself, though it was my wish.

On leaving school I succeeded in getting a job in the local repertory theatre—as a scene painter. Then I was offered a small part. So I abandoned my paints and went "on the boards," where I have been ever since.

Today he is a knight, and a famous actor. For his name, see page 35

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ONE OF OUR SUBMARINES

Continued from page 9

figures began to emerge hesitantly from the after cabin and jump into the water. As I was manoeuvring *Storm* alongside, the shattered vessel sank slowly aft and dived vertically stern first.

I decided to take only two prisoners. It was too early in the patrol to encumber ourselves with many passengers; the other survivors had plenty of debris to cling to, and land was less than half a mile away. We cruised slowly among the bobbing heads, and hauled out a Jap and took him below. We also picked up a Malay, whom we found to be wounded in the thigh.

Attacked Enemy Port

I now decided on the spur of the moment to put into action a plan I had been toying with the previous day, which was to enter Port Owen brazenly on the surface.

Although my chart showed that the water inside was too shallow to allow us to dive in the event of serious opposition, I felt there was an excellent chance of getting away with it if we could achieve a tactical surprise. Moreover, we had just tasted blood; the gun's crew were in buoyant spirits at their quick success; we were already on the surface and in the mood to stay there.

It was ten o'clock when we left the scene of our sinking. Proceeding southward, we found ourselves half an hour later at the northern entrance and able to see right across the harbour. Three vessels were lying at anchor, close inshore. One of them was the empty hulk of a large junk, but the other two were more difficult to identify, being painted light grey and closer to the land. Blake and I decided they were some kind of river gunboat or patrol vessel.

As we approached we observed great activity aboard the enemy ships and realized they were desperately trying to lift their anchors. One of them did, in fact, succeed in getting under way and turning towards us just before we opened fire at a range of 1,200 yards.

The enemy replied with machine-guns firing the alarming Japanese "clap-clap-clap" explosive bullets which had at first so confused our troops in the fighting for Malaya, and with these bangs going off all round us like Chinese crackers it was impossible to tell whether the firing was coming from the ships or the shore.

Our shots were making a pretty good mess of the first patrol vessel, and presently the crew—all Japanese—began to leap overboard. As soon as we saw this we shifted aim to the second vessel, and after a bit of punishment her crew also took to the water. Further rounds were then fired at the first target and several waterline hits observed. Finally, as we swept past at a range of 400 yards, the second vessel was also punctured along the waterline.

At this point the breech-worker, Telegraphist Greenway, suddenly spun round as though kicked by a horse, and there was a cry of "Greenway's hit, sir!" from the gun's crew. I immediately sent Greenway below.

What with the enemy machine-gun fire and watching the results of our own shots, manoeuvring the ship so as to bring the gun to bear with the best advantage, listening to the soundings coming up the voicepipe, looking at the chart in the drenching rain to make sure we did not go aground, and passing my helm orders to the helmsman below, I was pretty busy.

Owing to the narrowness of the anchorage I considered it would be unwise to attempt to turn round and go back by the way we had come. When the gun could no longer be brought to bear, therefore, I broke off the action and set course to pass out through the south-eastern exit. Before we could turn to port to make our get-away, we had to go fairly close in to the shore on our starboard hand, and there under the trees by a large wooden hut we saw a group of Malays, women and children included, who waved gaily to us as we swept past them.

Passing through the gap to the south of Rich Island, we looked back at the anchorage in time to see the sinking of the second target; the other was settling low in the water and would obviously be sinking very shortly. These two successes had been achieved at a combined cost of only twenty-nine rounds of ammunition, not bad going in view of the opposition.

The Alarm Sounded

By July 31, we were patrolling off the Heinze Basin, and the following morning we sank four coasters before lunch.

The first of them was sighted at 0442. When the alarm sounded I shot out of my bunk and up to the bridge to find Number One and the forrard look-out, Petty Officer Blight, peering to seaward through their binoculars. It was still dark, but the rain had stopped. Blight had seen a small light flicker for an instant in the darkness, and now Number One said he thought he could make out a black shape on the same bearing. A few moments later I could see it myself, a south-bound modern coaster with funnel aft.

I spoke into the voicepipe. "Control-room. . . . *Gun action!* Tell the men to move as silently as possible."

The gun hatch opened quietly just below the front of the bridge and the men climbed out on to the gun platform in their sandalled feet, moving about the deck on tiptoe like a gang of conspirators; some came up the

TAKE MY TIP

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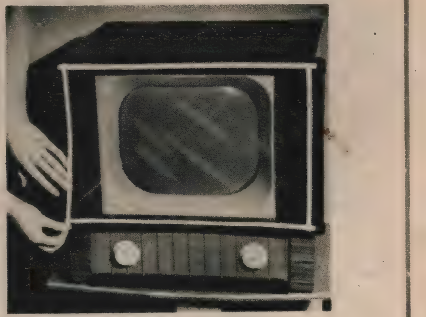

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

"I keep these around just to lend to the neighbours"

conning-tower and swung themselves quietly over the side of the bridge. Blake stood on the little raised step and in a low voice passed his orders down to the men round the gun.

The first crack of our gun seemed a desecration of the silence which had reigned before it. In the darkness Blake could not see where the shot fell; it was not on the target, so he could only assume it had dropped short. He raised the range by 200 yards.

Our second round also whined away into the night and fell without visible trace, and it was not until the sixth or seventh round that we saw the little orange flash and heard the muffled *crumph* which indicated our first hit.

From then on we continued to hit the enemy with nearly every round. She came slowly to a dead stop, and then just sat there taking our pounding in a dumb silence. It was like murder, but our job was to sink enemy supply ships.

We had no time to stop to see if there were any survivors, for the vessel had hardly disappeared under the water when we sighted another ship on the horizon to the northward, coming towards us in the gradually increasing light. We at once dived and ran towards her at full speed. I wanted to reach her before she was put on her guard by sighting the debris from the first sinking.

Set Ship Ablaze

She turned out to be a small, wooden, two-masted motor schooner of about 100 tons. When she was passing our position, we surfaced and fired a round ahead of her, hoping that the captain would stop and abandon ship. Instead, she increased speed and turned towards the shore with the obvious intention of trying to beach herself.

I also speeded up, altered course, to head her off, and resumed the attack. The schooner's crew soon jumped overboard, but the vessel kept on and did not slow for some minutes. Closing to short range, we poured a burst of Oerlikon fire into her which set the wooden hull well ablaze from stem to stern.

There were several heads dotting the water, and we rescued an Indian who turned out to be suffering from two nasty shrapnel wounds.

As we began to withdraw from the scene, our attention was attracted by a young Malay, swimming a little apart from the others and waving and shouting in great excitement. I did not want to take on any more passengers as our space was limited, but I was impressed with the look of this lad, so, in spite of Number One's ill-concealed disapproval, I manoeuvred close to him and took him on board.

However, I was very glad we had picked up this boy, whose name was Endi. He was extremely friendly and co-operative, and claimed to have been at the Malay R.N.V.R. training school in Singapore before the Japanese arrived. In spite of a wound in the thigh he was full of spirit.

He had been one of the quartermasters in the little ship we had just attacked. When we surfaced and opened fire, he said, all the Malays in the crew went to the wheelhouse and tried to persuade the Japanese officer to stop and abandon the ship.

The officer shot four of the Malays out of hand, and compelled Endi to remain at the wheel and obey his orders. A moment later one of our shells hit the wheelhouse and blew Endi and the Jap overboard in opposite directions. Endi spoke excellent English, and later volunteered much useful information.

Meanwhile, I decided to shift patrol northward, a few miles along the coast. This last action had taken place within a short distance of the shore, and it was possible that the Japs had a look-out at this focal point on the coastal traffic route. We ran for an hour or so on the surface, and then dived fairly close inshore, just to the south of Oyster Island.

Nearly three hours later, another coaster, of about 250 tons, was seen approaching from the north. I let her pass as usual, and surfaced for gun action astern of her. When I reached the bridge, machine-gun bullets were flying all round us and the enemy had turned in an attempt to ram. However, she soon changed her mind when our first shell immediately demolished her bridge and a devastating fire from our Oerlikon and Vickers guns poured into her and set her ablaze.

Enter Target Four

The crew, mostly Japanese, panicked and jumped overboard, and the vessel stopped, stricken and deserted. Soon the stern had slumped until the deck was awash. Suddenly, while all this was going on, one of the look-outs called my attention to another vessel, coming towards us from the south. I immediately called off the action, dived, and proceeded towards this fresh target at high speed. This time I did not see how, if she was keeping a proper look-out, the new arrival could fail to sum up the situation ahead of her.

However, the fresh target, a fine, new-looking coaster of about 300 tons, came on, apparently unaware that anything was wrong. Once more I let her pass and then surfaced astern of her. Our first round went over her, the second splintered her bridge into a mass of wreckage.

Our third shell hit the deck in front of the bridge and set the ship on fire with an oily, billowing flame and high clouds of black smoke. This was the signal for the crew to abandon ship. We fired nine more rounds, until the whòle ship was a writhing inferno.

At this point Number One asked to speak to me on the voicepipe. It seemed that Endi, the Malay lad whom we had taken prisoner earlier in the morning, believed our target to be an ammunition ship and urged me not to approach too close to it. I took his advice and retired to a safer distance.

Firework Display

The information was correct. Shortly afterwards the vessel began to produce a succession of muffled explosions, bursts of enormous flame, shooting debris and great columns of black smoke. This was such a wonderful firework display that I gave permission for the whole of *Storm's* crew to come up on the bridge, two at a time, to enjoy the spectacle. When the target sank at last we turned away southwards once more, and sat down to a long-delayed lunch.

When I turned in that night and tried to sleep, visions of blazing ships came floating towards me in endless succession. But the patrol was nearly over. We had received our recall signal the evening before, and the following afternoon, August 2, we left the billet for the homeward voyage.

We now had altogether four prisoners on board, all of whom presented certain problems. Three of them were wounded and needed constant attention, a duty which fell to the coxswain and proved to be such a full-time job that we had to relieve him of his watch-keeping.

The fourth prisoner was the Jap. All told, we had him on board for a fortnight. He was not wounded, but we could not allow him to wander about the submarine of his own free will. He lived and ate in the fore ends with an armed sentry guarding him day and night, which meant that the watches were always short of one man. However, he gave no trouble, and every morning he was made to scrub the decks throughout the boat, and he did this job without complaining and more thoroughly than my own sailors.

At first I was taken aback by his hissing at me every time he came near me, but eventually tumbled to the fact that this was the Japanese in-drawn-breath mark of respect. He spoke, apparently, almost no English, and in view of the language difficulty I decided not to interrogate him as my questions might prejudice the official interrogation later.

On the other hand, the Malay lad Endi, was only too eager to answer questions. He told us that the coasters travelling from Mergui to Rangoon usually carried ammunition and filled up with rice for the return trip; there was a large ammunition dump just north of Pakchan, the ammunition being transported thence to Mergui by rail; it seemed there was a good deal of traffic on this railway.

He also said that the Japanese were laying anti-submarine traps in some of their junks. The practice, he said, was to leave on board one man who would try to lob a hand-grenade down the conning-tower as the submarine went alongside, while the remainder of the crew would pretend to abandon ship and leap overboard on the opposite side after fusing an explosive charge to scuttle the vessel and damage the submarine as well.

We reached Trincomalee on August 7. Going alongside *Maidstone*, with our black Jolly Roger flying from the periscope standards and spangled with seven new stars to represent our gun actions, we received a great welcome. We had the distinction of being the first submarine to bring back a Japanese prisoner, and tremendous curiosity was aroused by the sight of our passengers being marched up the gangway ladder. The only dissatisfied man was Sub-Lieutenant Fisher, who had had no opportunity of bringing his boarding party into action on this patrol.

Storm Comes Home

The next months were spent operating in Pacific waters from a base in Australia. Then in January, 1945, we received orders to return home.

After a ten weeks' voyage, we reached Portsmouth on a Sunday morning in April. We had to lie off the mouth of Portsmouth harbour to wait until the tide was right for entering Haslar Creek. It was a lovely spring morning. A slight haze blurred the outline of Portsdown hill, but Fort Blockhouse, its windows sparkling with reflected sunlight, stood out sharply on the left of the harbour entrance.

In the interval of waiting I thought of the day when I made my first trip in a submarine from this very place. It seemed a long time ago, but in fact it was a month short of five years. Now, after many adventures, I had brought my own ship safely home.

It was a most satisfactory feeling. THE END

"One of Our Submarines" by Commander Edward Young, D.S.O., D.S.C., will be published in book form this month by Rupert Hart-Davis at 18s.

ADLAI STEVENSON GOES OUT TO BEAT IKE

Continued from page 14

to break up old rackets, and began a thorough clean-out of the incredibly corrupt régime which had prospered until then. Those who expected him to be gentle and philosophical found he could sack men overnight, including his own executive secretary when that official invested unwisely in a shady venture.

He has a strong sense of the ridiculous, and when rabid bird-fanciers pushed through the Illinois Senate a law which would have imposed fines on owners of cats who let them run loose, and permitted anyone to capture cats or call upon the police to lock them up, he vetoed the Bill with a wryly worded message: "It is in the nature of cats to do a certain amount of unescorted roaming. . . . The problem of cat versus bird is as old as time. If we attempt to resolve it by legislation, who knows but what we may be called to take sides as well in the age-old problems of dog versus cat, bird versus bird, or even bird versus worm. In my opinion, the State of Illinois and its local governing bodies already have enough to do without trying to control feline delinquency."

His sharp wit has caused his Republican opponents to issue a statement: "The campaign to elect the next President of the United States is no laughing matter to be handled lightly with quips and puns."

Stevenson's conversation reveals that he is more interested in principles than in personalities. He hates chit-chat, just as he mistrusts purely social gatherings. He has an easy, poised manner with strangers and newspapermen. When asked what he would do about the flying saucers, his clipped reply was: "I rather think I should like to catch one."

For recreation, he plays good golf and a fair game of tennis, rides well, and is a strong oarsman. He displays his large, sturdy hands to show he likes outdoor activities, but laughs off any attempt to make him a farmer. However, he describes his country place as a "seventy-one acre productive farm" to distinguish it from luxurious estates.

Worth about half a million dollars, and with a private income of around 50,000 dollars a year, mostly from the family newspaper, the Bloomington *Daily Pantagraph*, he is nevertheless tight with money. To save buying new shoes, he has the spikes removed from his old golf shoes and wears them around the house. He is abstemious with alcohol, limiting himself to one drink a day.

Called a "liberal" by conservatives and a "reactionary and representative of big business" by the Communists, he has adhered closely to President Truman's policies on Communism at home and abroad. He repudiates Eisenhower's suggestion of "aid to the enslaved people of Red Europe" and has denounced the McCarthy "witch-hunt" and "character assassination" technique.

When he vetoed a State law against radicals, he said: "I must in good conscience protest against any unnecessary suppression of our ancient rights as free men. Moreover, we will win the contest of ideas that afflicts the world, not by suppressing these rights, but by their triumph. We must not burn down the house to kill the rats." THE END

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN FLIES

Continued from page 12

to be put through to the Ferry Hotel at Hellevoetsluis.

In a few minutes Charlie was on the line.

"Charlie?"

"Captain, sir. Where?" There was a new hardness and intensity in Charlie's voice.

"Seven Flies. Must have a boat."

"O.K. One hour."

"Be careful."

"Hell, yes."

Furse turned away from the telephone, his spirits lifting.

Jan Beukleman and his wife were waiting for him in the kitchen. She was a short, plump woman with a stiff apron tied tightly round her waist, her arms bare and red, the hands thick and capable. Her grey hair was pulled tightly back off her forehead and gathered into a bun at the back. She wore steel-rimmed glasses and said little, but behind the glasses Furse could see the same kind of lively eyes that Beukleman had. Before they ate, she insisted on putting some plaster on his cut. They were nice people and he liked them and, although there were periods when they were all silent over the meal, he found the silence no embarrassment.

On the table were ham, cheese, rolls and gingerbread and jam. He ate more than he would normally have done, to please them, and was given a cigar to smoke with his last cup of coffee. When he left them, telling them that he was expecting a friend over from Hellevoetsluis for the day, they invited him to come back and have supper with them.

He walked slowly across the yard in the sunshine and back to the mouth of the cut. It was still not quite seven o'clock. He settled down to finish his cigar and wait for the arrival of Charlie.

"Don't interrupt mummy when she's summing up"

JUST after seven, he heard the putter of a motor and rose to find a dinghy with an outboard motor coming into the cut. Charlie was at the tiller in his wrinkled linen suit, his thin brown hair ruffled, and a hand raised in greeting.

A few minutes later, Charlie sat on the grass by his side and put the whole thing clearly.

"It's all right, sir, whichever way. We have luck and we get this stuff today; well then, we can slip off here tonight and be out of the country by tomorrow. After that, the police can say and do what they like. But, damn me, what have they got? Only your boat. You can buy a hundred more. And no proof you did nothing but a mad English trick in coming back because you don't like being booted up the bottom out of here without proper legal procedure."

"And if we don't have luck?"

"So then? I get you out of the country just the same. Some time later I come back here and you trust me to do the job *solus* and see you come out all right."

Furse was far from sure about this. He knew his Charlie and it would be a great temptation for him, if he worked alone, to lift the stones and say nothing about them. He did not blame Charlie for this. That was just Charlie.

"You don't trust me, Captain, sir?" Charlie saw his hesitation, and understood it. "You think if you go and I do this job alone, maybe I never tell you?"

Furse grinned. "What do you think?"

Charlie was silent for a while, his face drawn with sad lines. Then he said slowly, "Maybe. I don't trust myself, sir, to know what I would do. But that don't happen. Damn me, we have luck today. Then everything is O.K."

"We've got to have luck today," said Furse grimly.

It had been high water that morning at six and it was now half-past seven. Dead low water was at about one o'clock and that was the best time for diving. They had the morning to locate the sunken launch. They wasted no further time.

They took Charlie's rowing-boat with the outboard motor down to the mouth of the cut, and, relying on his memory of the chart, Furse worked out the probable position of the wreck. It was impossible to be definite, but they roughed out an area about a hundred yards long by fifty wide and fixed it by reference points on the island shore. It was some time before they had this done and could begin searching.

They worked up and down the tide flow, starting on the side of the rectangle farthest away from the island. Charlie was at the tiller operating the motor and one grapple while Furse worked the other. The grapples they had devised for themselves. Charlie had the dinghy anchor on a length of rope and Furse had a large manure rake with long, curved prongs that he had quietly taken from Beukleman's yard. The handle of the rake was about eight feet long and to this he had lashed a long pole also borrowed unasked from the yard. The head of the rake had been weighted to keep it down. At full high water he knew there was little more than eighteen feet of water in the area they were searching, and as it was now four hours before low tide there was still less.

The water was too full of sediment for them to be able to see the bottom, which was for the most part a clean run of mud and sand. They worked slowly up and down, Furse feeling the grate and bump of the rake prongs over the bottom, Charlie with the warp in his hand easing and shortening it to keep the feel of the small anchor as it moved draggingly behind the boat.

IT was difficult work and impossible for a man to do alone. If he had come back without Charlie, Furse knew he could not have handled it by himself. Every now and again the anchor or the rake would catch on some underwater obstruction and they hung over the spot, feeling and probing with the rake.

Usually it soon became clear that they were over a rock, but once Furse stripped to his trunks to dive into twelve feet of water only to find the water-logged skeleton of a tree bedded in the sand.

There was little traffic on this side of the island. Sometimes a sailing barge came down loaded with hay, and a few yachts passed away close to the Overflakkee shore. They kept a sharp look-out and, before anything came too near, they ran into the mouth of the cut to hide. It was irritating, but it had to be done. Each time it happened Furse felt the impatience growing in him. It had become an urgent conviction with him that they had to find the stones today.

They went on with their combing of the water. Furse felt a slow ache beginning to take his back and arms and the drag of the rake seemed to have increased ten times. There was little talk between them, except the orders which he passed to Charlie.

Suddenly he discovered that he was thinking of Constanta. She was not far away, over in Hellevoetsluis. He wondered if she had heard the news of his return. What would she think about that? What the hell did he care what she thought, anyway? He could say it fiercely—but deep inside him, he knew he cared.

The motor died and Furse turned to find Charlie braced back against the rope. The boat swung slowly broadside to the stream.

"Something there?"

Charlie nodded. "I think maybe."

He moved over with the rake, the water dripping down on to him as he swung it. "Take her round, Charlie, and come back up on it. Pay out as we go round and then take in the slack."

CHARLIE manoeuvred the boat round and as they came back Furse helped to haul in on the rope. When they were almost over the obstruction, Charlie throttled the motor down so that they were just stemming the tide. The shore was not fifty yards from them and they were just below the mouth of the cut.

Furse began to probe and feel with the rake. There was something down there, all right.

"What do you think, sir?" Charlie was watching him tensely.

"There's something. I'll go down." He brought the rake inboard. "Do you think that anchor will hold?"

"Yes. You go down." Charlie watched Furse as he lowered himself over the stern. The boat was too small to let him dive without fear of capsizing it.

"Here I go."

Furse raised his arms and let himself sink. He rolled over and swam down against the strong current. He was in a greenish brown fog that eddied before his eyes. His hands struck against something and the fog was suddenly darker about him. He kicked forward and his fingers were on a run of slippery wood. A swift exhilaration took him and he kicked forward, half-swimming, half-pulling himself, his hands groping in the darkness.

When he came up, Charlie looked at him inquiringly. He hung against the boat, sucking greedily at the air.

"I don't know," he said after a moment. "It may be."

He went down again, husbanding his breath until he thought his lungs would burst, and this time there was no doubt in his mind. He worked his way over a flat wooden surface and then dropped four feet before he found wood again and knew that he had come over a cabin-top into the well of a small launch. Four times he went down, saying little to Charlie above, but when he came up for the fourth time he had a clear picture of the launch below.

He came up, and clung to the side of the boat. Charlie saw the look in his face, and said, "Is it?"

Furse nodded. "Yes. We're lucky."

He pulled himself aboard and sat breathing heavily. After a while, he said: "There is too much water, and the current's too strong yet. I can manage it at dead slack water. That's an hour from now."

"O.K., sir. We go ashore now and have a bottle of beer I bring with me from Hellevoetsluis."

They tied a can to the end of the anchor warp and dropped it over to mark the wreck, and then went ashore.

MOLENAAR was in disgrace. His chief had not said so, but the way he spoke and acted implied it clearly. They were sitting in the harbourmaster's office in Hellevoetsluis which Molenaar had taken over in order to direct the search for Furse. His chief had come down by car from Rotterdam and Molenaar had just made his report.

Molenaar felt that everything was against him. He had not had time to shave or change his trousers, which had dried on him. He felt dirty and irritable, but dared not show his feelings. Once or twice while he had been speaking he had got the impression that his chief was enjoying his ruffled state. At the moment, his chief stood by the window, rocking gently on his heels, his hands clasped behind his back.

Molenaar watched him anxiously. His chief turned slowly and said carefully, "The bank is going to be very annoyed. So many people are going to be annoyed. It is unfortunate. His boat, you say, was found at Willemstad?"

"Just above, sir. Every place along the river has been warned to keep an eye open for him. All the local police know. We shall find him. I've done everything I can think of."

The chief shrugged his shoulders. "I don't doubt it. However, if he escaped once, he can do it again. If he came back, maybe it was only to pick up the stones and go. Once out of the country we have no hold on him. No proof."

"There's his boat. The Customs people brought it in this morning."

"So. But, after a lot of delay, it will have to go back. Technically he has not even committed an offence. We requested him to go, but he came back. Oh, perhaps we could bring up some minor offence—obstructing you. But what does all that amount to? Nothing. If he gets away with the bank's property we shall never know. At this moment things may be very awkward for him, but they are also awkward for us. If we can catch him, we can make sure this time that he goes, under orders, and never comes back, and that he takes nothing with him. What about his friends, Ponz and Rohner?"

"Charlie Ponz went back to Rotterdam last night. Rohner is still here in his cruiser."

"I see. Well, Furse isn't likely to be coming here. You'd better get the Customs people to take you down to Willemstad and see what you can find down there. I'll stay here in case anything comes in."

"Yes, sir."

When Molenaar had gone, his chief still stood by the window. Molenaar, he was thinking, was a good man, but not brilliant. He began to go over in his mind all the details of the various reports which had come to him from Molenaar. Furse had been twice to Hellevoetsluis, the stones had been taken from the bank at Dordrecht. He stood there a long time in thought. Then he took his hat and walked down to the harbour.

The *Arletta* had been towed in that

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morning by the Customs cutter. He went aboard and began to look around. It was some time before his attention became concentrated on the chart rack. An hour later he was sitting at the cabin table with Chart 192 before him, examining it very closely for pencil and other marks.

* * *

They had finished the beer which Charlie had brought with him. It wanted half an hour to dead low water. Furse, who was lying in the shade of the last of the poplars, rolled over and sat up.

"Time we went."

There was a touch of impatience in his voice, and he knew that all the time since they had left the water he had been unable to relax as Charlie seemed to have done. He wanted to be back, to have this job finished. Maybe, he thought, Charlie was not as relaxed as he looked. His sad, impertinent manner hid all trace of his real feelings.

A dark shape swept across the glittering stretch of water at the mouth of the cut. A small skiff came up the smooth run of water to them. Furse saw the turn of a head, the glint of sunlight quiver along the rising blades of the oars, and heard the friendly grumble of disturbed water washing away from the bows.

He sat there very still, as though in this moment immobility was his only defence. He heard Charlie stir behind him, but he kept his eyes on the boat.

Constanta Straatsma got out of the skiff and came slowly towards them.

She faced Furse and said, "I want to talk to you alone." Her voice was even but only she knew the effort it was costing her to keep her nervousness from it. She stood there in a crumpled grey flannel skirt, a white blouse showing between the loose edges of a canvas windbreaker, the dark hair short and disarrayed above the wide brow, the whole of her body set in a taut, stubborn stance.

CHARLIE said suddenly, half turning to Furse, "This is your problem, Captain. You want my advice? Damn me—cut her throat and bury her."

"Shut up, Charlie!" He spoke fiercely and for the moment he was confused. All he knew was that he didn't want her here.

"I'd like to talk to you alone," Constanta repeated firmly.

Charlie moved away from them and over his shoulder he growled, "I don't feel so happy in this kind of conversation, anyway. When I come back, Captain, I hope you know what is to be done." He moved off into the trees towards the house, and as he went he began to whistle gently, a sad little shrilling of sound, resigned and pathetic.

"How did you know we were here?"

"Does it matter?"

That morning early, unable to sleep, she had walked a mile down the river bank and below the town had seen Charlie go by in mid-stream. Knowing he was supposed to be in Rotterdam, her curiosity had been aroused. From the high river wall she had watched him through her glasses, seen him round the seaward end of Krabbensplaat and had waited for him to appear in the gap between that island and Tien Gemeten. He never had appeared.

When the *Arletta* had been brought in, it had not been hard to guess what might be happening. After that, because of her feeling for Furse, she had known that she must see him. She had awaited her moment to get away unobtrusively.

She said now:

"You don't have to worry. No one knows I've come here."

"Why have you come?"

"Because I love you and because I don't want you to be a fool. You don't have to tell me what you're doing. I know."

"What do you know?"

"Everything. It was I who financed Sluiter."

"You!" He stared at her in surprise. "But I had no idea. . . ."

"I know you took Sluiter's papers," she went on vigorously. "I know what you're hoping to find out there." Her head jerked towards the river.

Furse thought he caught a note of contempt in her voice and answered bitterly: "I suppose you think I murdered Sluiter?"

"No, you didn't do that. But you robbed him, when he was dead!"

"Maybe." The truth cut into him, rousing him to anger. "Maybe I am a thief. But what about you and Sluiter? You were going to rob the bank."

Constanta stared at him in amazement. Then she answered quietly, "You're wrong. We were going to claim the reward offered for finding the stones."

"Reward?"

"Yes."

FURSE was silent. He looked away from her, and Constanta hated herself for the humiliation she had caused him. She went on gently: "Can't you see that there's only one thing for you to do if you ever want any peace or a decent life after this? You've got to give this up and go to Molenaar."

"Like hell!"

"You know I'm right. You might get away with the stones and Charlie could pass them—but the money would never do you any good."

"I'm in this, and I'm staying in it."

"I don't believe it. You're not being honest." She put her hand on his arm. "The day we went to Willemsdorp you were honest. When you saw I loved you, you turned away from me because of this thing. I didn't understand at first. But I understand now. If you get the money, you'll spend the rest of your life turning away from people and things. Don't be an idiot. You know I'm right."

At this moment he had no words for her. All the trouble was now in the open between them. He loved her—but if there was to be any future for that love he had to abandon all he had worked for, throw overboard all the plans he had made for Jimmy and himself. But what was love, anyway? At this moment it seemed vital. But in a year, two years. . . ? Some demon forced him to lacerate his feelings for her. The self-torture became almost physical.

He moved impatiently and, his voice harsh and agonized, said brusquely, "There's nothing for you here. I want you to go."

"You can't mean that." She put her hand out to him, but he stepped away. "You're making yourself say that. And there's no need to——" She broke off suddenly, seeing the look on his face.

His eyes were on her hands, held together before her, clenched and pressed together as though she held invisible reins, curbing and straining against a wild, panic-struck force that threatened to run away with her.

He said coldly, "I want you to go."

He heard her breath leave her as though she had been struck, and then she turned and he watched her go back along the little path between the

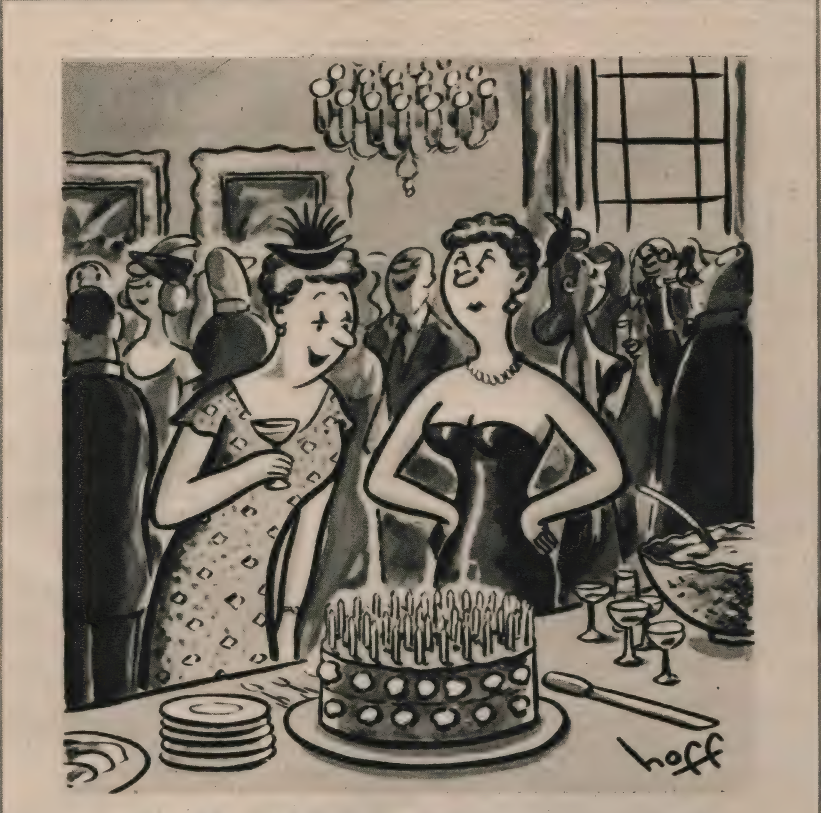
THE HUMAN MACHINE

Be yourself

IT is always difficult to face facts honestly and bravely. We are all a bit inclined to humbug, sham attitudes and evasions. But in the end we gain nothing by them.

We pay too much attention to what others may think of us, and not enough to what we ought to think of ourselves. We should always try to discover what we really *are* and then endeavour to be just *that*.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



"Only thirty-eight candles? This *is* a surprise party!"

poplars, and he was telling himself that it was the only thing. There was no place for her in his life.

She went down the path, the dappled shadows and lights from the sun through the trees moving over her, and she looked small and insignificant. He could see the creases in the back of her skirt from sitting on the skiff's thwarts and the dirty marks on the elbows of her windbreaker and the dark disorder of her hair. She put out a hand to steady herself against a tree trunk as she dropped down to the little ridge of sand at the side of the cut.

The movement of the hand was so well known to him, so immediate and vivid a part of her that he almost felt it on his own arm, remembered how her hand rested on him.

Suddenly, he was running. "Constanta!"

She turned, standing by the skiff, as he jumped down the bank and then she came to meet him, her face lifted up, touched with a swift gladness. He caught her and held her against him and the press of her body against him was a comfort he had always wanted, the movement of her hands and her lips against his face, the soft cry of his name in her throat, the only things he had ever wanted.

HE had less trouble with Charlie than he had anticipated. When he told him that he was going back to Hellevoetsluis to Molenaar, that he was giving the whole thing up, and that the reward would be shared with Constanta, Charlie merely shrugged.

"When I see the young lady come," he said, "I know this must happen. It is a pity, sir. But I don't make no fuss. But I tell you what, sir. Don't go to Molenaar empty-handed."

Furse took his point. Although the tide had now turned, there was still a chance of getting the stones. No one could doubt his good faith if he came so endowed.

The three of them went out in Charlie's boat, and he dived. The tide had turned almost an hour now and the current was strengthening each moment. He found that the launch was lying almost over on her side and that the cockpit was so full of sand that it came about a foot up the front of the cabin door.

He went down again and held himself in position by the curved handle of the cabin door. Then with his free hand he got a grip on the cabin top. He pushed hard at the door and felt it give slightly. Then the handle broke away from the wood in his fingers. His feet came up from under him and he was swept away. He came back, thrusting against the tide and got a fresh grip on the cabin top, digging his nails into the rotten wood. Holding there, his lungs bursting for air, he drew up his feet and pounded against the door. One of his feet broke through a rotten panel.

He lost his hold and he was held by the foot while his body was flung backwards. Panic seized him for a moment and he kicked and threshed like a trapped animal. Then the rotten wood crumbled around his trapped foot and he shot to the surface, grabbing at the trailing dinghy anchor line.

Constanta and Charlie watched him, his shoulders heaving as he breathed deeply.

He went down again and this time he got a firmer grip on the cabin top, working his fingers through the rotten wood and gripping the brass runner that protected the edge of the cabin roof. He raised his feet and felt for the solid door timbers, avoiding the thin panels. He drew his legs up and kicked hard. The door collapsed inwards as the hinges were drawn from the rotten frame. He hung there for a moment, his body swept half inside the cabin. There was a thundering in his ears and a cascade of white flecks danced before his eyes from the strain of holding his breath. He let go of the cabin top. The tide dragged him away.

He came up a few yards beyond the dinghy and had to fight his way back. When he reached it, he hung on to the stern, his shoulders heaving, his mouth drawing hungrily at the air. After a while he said, "I've kicked the door in. I'm going to have one more try, but I think the current will beat me."

Constanta said, "Don't try it. You could easily be trapped in the cabin."

"I'll watch out for that."

He swam a dozen yards up against the tide, drifted for a moment while he filled his lungs and then slid under.

As she watched the brown sweep of water, Constanta held her own breath as a check on the time he should stay below, knowing that if he were not up shortly after she was forced to breathe again she would go below for him. Charlie was no good. He had already said he could not swim.

The beat of her heart was so loud in her ears that it covered the quiet approach of a white cabin cruiser that came suddenly down on them from the seaward end of Krabbensplaat.

To be concluded next week

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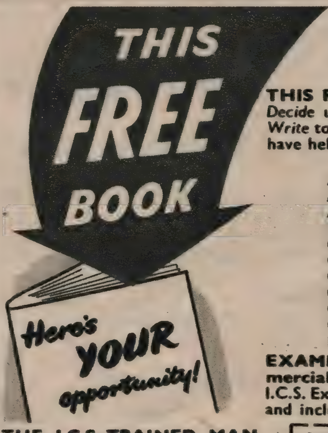

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HAPPY GO SAMMY

Continued from page 15

of mild steel and Mr. Smithers had been filing pieces of mild steel for thirty-three years.

"Let's have it, old man," Sammy had said, and he had taken the file and started demonstrating the Sammy method. Mr. Smithers had not stayed to watch but had gone straight to the foreman and complained bitterly. Until then the foreman had closed his eyes to Sammy's irritating behaviour, for he was a useful man for quick jobs, but now he had to act. Mr. Harlow told Sammy off in front of all of them, but Sammy had the last word. With exaggerated dignity, he put down Mr. Smithers's file and washed his hands of it.

"All right," he said. "Don't blame me how he grows up."

This was only a week ago, and now here was Sammy Braithwaite telling Mr. Granger, of all people, how to use a lathe. Mr. Granger, a lean, taciturn man, with a thin, pallid face and hairs sprouting from ears and nostrils, carried on with his job at the lathe. Sammy sighed at him, for he had damaged the lathe himself only that morning by starting it up without removing the chuck key.

Mr. Granger discovered too late that Sammy was right about the lathe being wrong. He discovered it as the cutting tool pared the last fraction of a thousandth of an inch from the spinning casting in the final cut. The old man switched off immediately, withdrew the tool and reached for his micrometer.

But without checking, he knew the worst. As the chuck slowed down, he saw the double rim of light betokening eccentricity in the running. He had neglected to check concentric running with a clock gauge because he did not want Braithwaite to imagine that he was paying attention to his remarks.

It was a tragedy, a disaster. He had worked for three full days on this casting; cutting, boring and machining. This was the first and only sample casting from a new pattern and high-ups were waiting for it. They had allowed him extra time because it was so vitally important.

BUT that was not all. The real tragedy was that Mr. Granger had made a mistake. Forty years of instrument making set firmly on a foundation of apprentice- and improverships—and now he had made a mistake. Apprentices were allowed mistakes and knew how to cover them up—but skilled men working for skilled rates of pay were expected to interpret and reproduce from drawings with extreme accuracy. They were paid to be infallible—like concert singers and bus drivers and all the mature skilled workers of the world who had mastered their craft.

To fail even once meant that you could no longer expect implicit trust; instead of selecting you for the important jobs, they handed you things which did not matter so much. They lost confidence in you and you lost confidence in yourself, and at sixty, Mr. Granger felt, at that moment when he was alone in the misery of his mistake, that was the same as being dead.

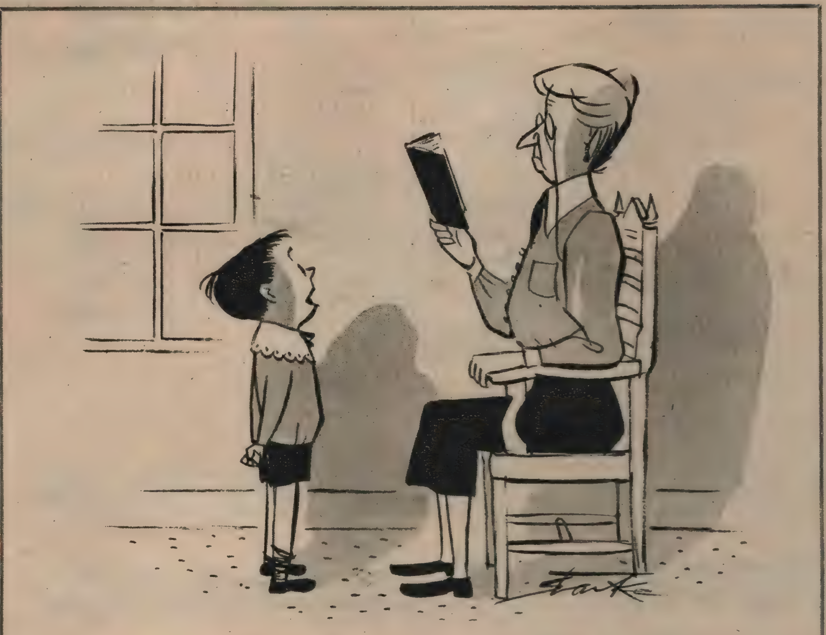
Sammy was the first to notice the old man groping for his stool. He was also the only one to notice what had happened; for one thing he had been expecting it, waiting for it, whereas nobody else in the department would ever expect Mr. Granger to make a mistake. Sammy, who took a lighthearted view of all calamities, was shocked at the old craftsman's reaction.

Mr. Granger was rubbing the bridge of his nose, hiding his eyes, trying to cover his emotion until he had regained control of himself.

Sammy thought quickly. He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket. "Hallo," he said brightly, walking over. "Got something in your eye? Bit of filing, I expect. That's what comes of rushing at the job without using the shield. No respect for factory regulations, you youngsters. Too impetuous by half."

Mr. Hancock and Mr. Smithers glared at him. Sammy persisted, however.

"Got a foreign body in his eye," he offered, since Mr. Granger was not yet



"Hail to thee, blithe spirit, bird thou never wert. . ."

talking. "Let me have a go. I've got a steady hand. No point in taking him to the surgery."

They shouldered him out of the way. He knew that he could rely on them to do the opposite to whatever he suggested and he looked after them, tongue in cheek, as they escorted Mr. Granger out of the department towards the surgery. Mr. Granger was in no hurry to mention the real reason for his distress.

After glancing round to ensure that he was being completely ignored, Sammy approached the job on the lathe. He quickly corrected for eccentricity, studied the drawing, checked dimensions and set to work, knowing that he would have to make the diameter undersize in order to restore a concentric surface. He was in the middle of this operation when Mr. Harlow came into the room.

"Braithwaite!" the foreman exclaimed. "What the devil do you think you're doing? That's Granger's work, isn't it?"

Sammy, wearing an exaggerated expression of intense concentration, completed the cut, then stopped the lathe and looked up. Mr. Harlow stood over him. Sammy explained Mr. Granger's absence and attempted to explain his own helpfulness on the grounds of team spirit and knowing the job to be urgent.

"You shouldn't have made me jump like that," Sammy added. "I've probably taken too much off."

The foreman was immediately apprehensive. "You've no business touching another man's job," he said. "Now check that diameter and get back to your own bench."

Under the foreman's stern eye, Sammy made an elaborate business of confirming the dimension on the drawing and then applying a two-inch micrometer to the job on the lathe.

"Well?" Mr. Harlow inquired.

"Well," said Sammy, and rubbed his chin. He was a good actor. He really felt embarrassed.

"What have you done?" Mr. Harlow asked, quietly and impressively.

There was a simple dignity in the way Sammy faced up to what he had done. He said: "I have apparently dropped a clanger, Mr. Harlow, sir."

There was a simply dignity also in the foreman's response. "Come to my office," he said.

Sammy's clanger was the most satisfactory thing that had ever happened in the instrument department, and it was this that saved him. To the old instrument makers, the most bewildering, frustrating, insufferable thing about Sammy had been his incredible success in always getting the right results. Had he merely messed up one of his own jobs it would have been pleasant enough for them, but in spoiling somebody else's work, uninvited, he gave them exquisite justice. Their way was the right way after all and when Mr. Hancock, Mr. Smithers and Mr. Granger stood in the foreman's office some five minutes later, they almost liked Sammy for demonstrating the fact.

"That's what comes from interfering," Mr. Hancock said, taking his portion of satisfaction. It was the first time he had spoken to Sammy directly in weeks, and he felt quite kindly towards the young man.

Sammy accepted the rebuke soberly, his head bowed in contrition, his eyes seemingly focused on a bit of air near the end of his nose.

"And using the wrong methods," Mr. Smithers said, for he had not forgotten Sammy's filing lesson.

Old Granger studied the casting which was now in his hand. He had as yet said nothing, but it was his casting, and some comment was expected of him. He cleared his throat.

"You know," he said, addressing the foreman, "I think we might get a concession on this dimension. It only governs wall thickness and has not to marry up with anything."

Mr. Harlow was reluctant to minimize the extent of Sammy's crime. "The instrument department doesn't ask for concessions on simple turning jobs," he said.

"It would go through without a concession," old Granger urged. "Unnoticed."

Mr. Harlow and the old instrument makers looked at each other, at the casting, and at Sammy, who was now studying his two-colour shoes. The casting represented a good many skilled man-hours and was wanted urgently. Sammy had obviously learned his lesson.

"We can all make mistakes," old Granger added in a rather muffled tone.

"Very well," the foreman said.

It was not until two weeks later that the old instrument makers realized Sammy's full significance. One of the instrument makers retired and a new man took his place. This was a young man named Albert Bottisham, who whistled a great deal and sang softly to himself.

"What are all those little old men doing?" he asked Sammy on his first morning.

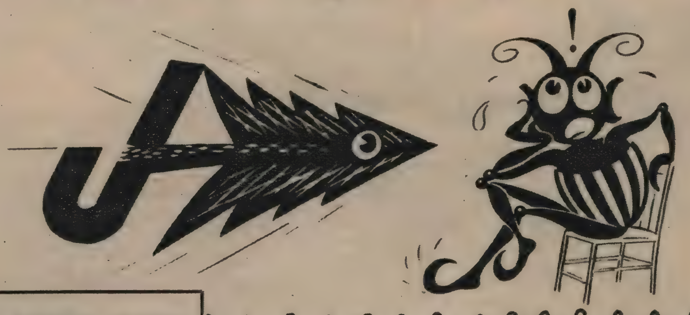
Sammy told him that they were instrument makers.

"Go on!" Albert exclaimed. "I been watching them two hours an' they haven't moved a muscle!"

"Oh, they haven't got any muscles," Sammy explained, recognizing a fellow wit with a happy grin.

The old men, the grey and the bald and the wrinkled, working at their bits of green baize under the glow of their lamps, seemed to draw closer together spiritually. It was obvious that Sammy was not after all a solitary phenomenon. He was an entire generation. He was only the beginning.

THE END



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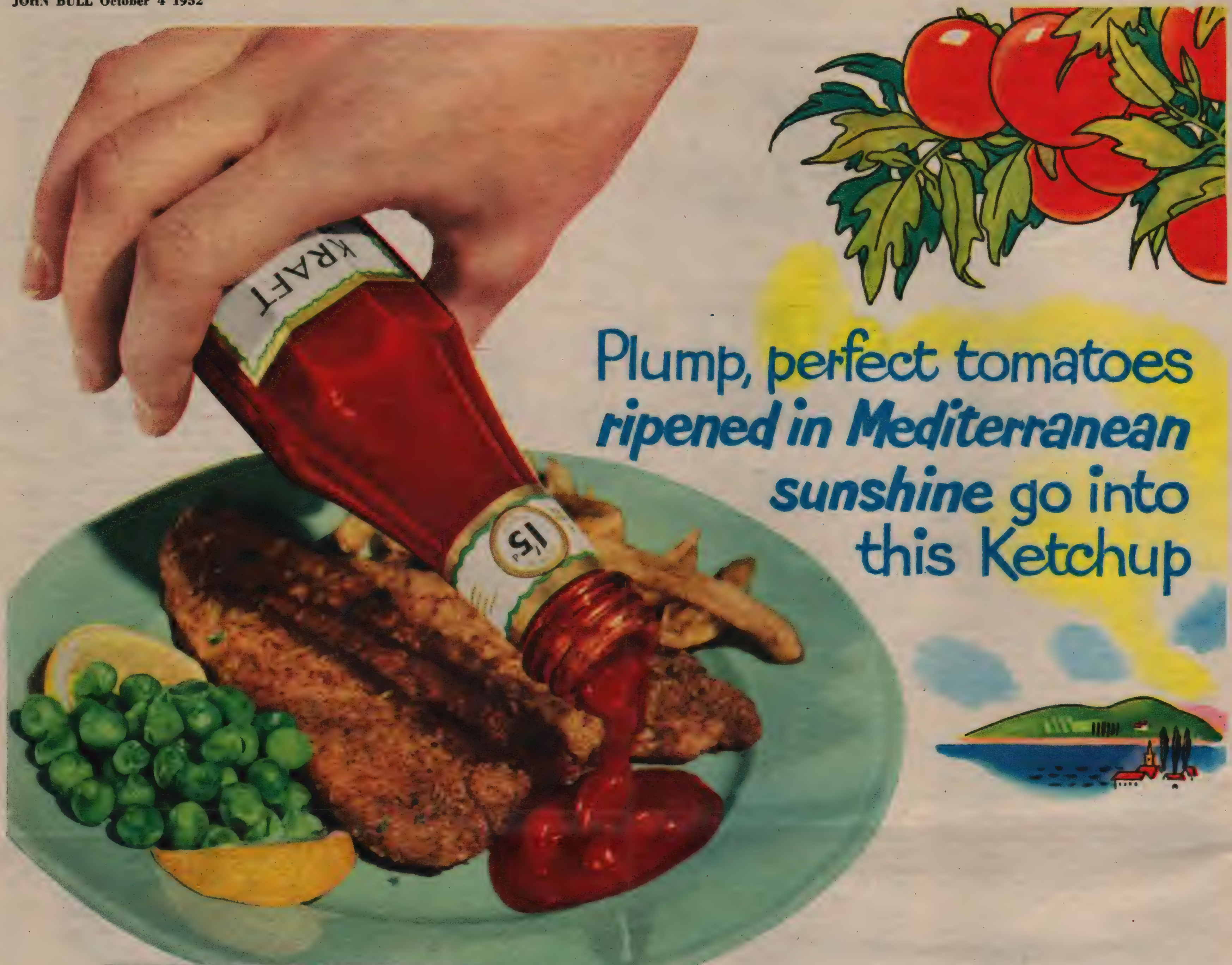

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Boil eggs for 10 minutes (moving occasionally to keep the yolk in centre.) Remove shell and dip eggs in well seasoned flour. Roll each egg in sausage meat (allow ¼ lb. sausage meat for 2 eggs.) Coat with flour and fry till a rich brown in hot fat. Cut each in half and garnish with watercress. Serve with heated potato crisps, peas, and a good dash of Kraft Tomato Ketchup. What a warming welcome on a bra' bricht moonlicht nicht!

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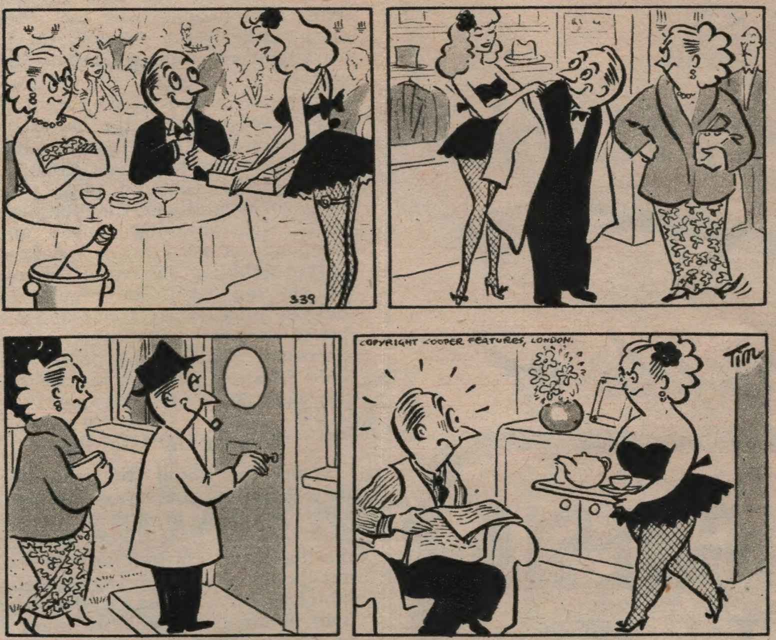
OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



ESCAPE—OR DIE

Continued from page 17

the war's over. . . ." He shrugged.

McCormac was lost for anything to say. He did not know whether to kick Skinny or shake his hand. The old man, he noticed, was politely waiting. "When can we cross the strait?" he asked, and the old man said, "To-night."

It was dusk when the small party set off for the water. Skinny came along with Li-Tong and her mother, to say goodbye. Donaldson kept whistling the Wedding March under his breath.

The boat was an old launch, with a mast and sail, and a small engine. As they were getting in, Skinny said: "I can't stay here. I'm coming, too." He turned a little desperately and tried to explain his decision to Li-Tong in signs and broken Malay. She seemed to understand very quickly, and started wailing and hanging desperately on to Skinny's arm, begging him to stay and marry her.

There was a scene for several minutes—the girl wailing, Skinny trying to find Malayan words and swearing in English, and the girl's mother talking shrilly. The girl's father spoke sharply to them and they shut up. The old man said to McCormac: "If the Tuan does not stay, the fisherman will not take you."

McCormac translated for Skinny. "Looks like you've got to stay, anyway," he said, and after a while Skinny growled: "Oh hell! All right. I'll stay." The last they saw of him as the launch pitched into the swell was a dim figure in the gloom, with the girl standing very near him.

Landing In Java

It must have been about three o'clock in the morning when the fisherman throttled down, and dimly ahead they saw a line of trees on a shore. The launch nosed gently on to sand, and the fisherman told McCormac they were on Java, near a town called Merak, up the coast from Batavia. He told them to wait by the launch, and vanished.

An hour later, he came out of the trees with another man, a taciturn Javanese. McCormac and Donaldson shook hands with the fisherman and followed the Javanese into the jungle. For two hours they stumbled along a dark jungle trail, moving slowly and keeping close together.

It was getting lighter when they came out of the jungle to some clearer ground, and dawn flamed gloriously in the east. In scrubby, secondary jungle, they made good time for about three miles till the trail snaked into thicker jungle, and there the Javanese stopped. He waved an arm into the jungle and said: "Friendly soldiers."

"How far?" McCormac asked.

The Javanese shrugged.

"How can we find them?" The native shrugged again, as though he did not care. He waved his hand again up the trail, turned and walked off.

"Surly devil," Donaldson said.

"I don't think so," said McCormac. "They're frightened of people knowing too much."

Barefooted Stranger

They walked about a mile along the trail into the jungle, found some fruit and lay down to rest, tired out. It was hours later, when they were talking about moving off again, that a man walked round a bend in the trail only about fifteen yards away. He saw them before they moved. McCormac and Donaldson jumped to their feet; then saw that the man was alone, and stood warily and uncertainly, not knowing quite what to expect.

The man was young and black-haired and an indeterminate brown, barefoot, but dressed in dirty grey slacks and what had apparently been once a white shirt. He stopped about five feet away and stared expressionlessly. McCormac could not tell whether he was native, Eurasian or what.

They stood for several seconds looking at each other, and the stranger spoke first. He said: "What are you two queer perishers doing here?"

They gaped at him, particularly Donaldson, because the stranger had a rich Australian twang, and was extremely self-possessed.

"Who the hell are you?" Donaldson asked.

"Who the hell are *you*?" said the stranger, eyeing them with an odd air of authority. After another silence the stranger added: "If you want help, maybe I can do something. I heard you were around. Where are you from?"

"Singapore," McCormac said, feeling it was safe to answer. "I heard there was a big break there," the stranger said. "Were you among them?"

"Yes."

"Where are the others?"

"Dead."

"Except one," put in the cynical Donaldson. "He got a fate worse than death."

"Torture?"

"Sort of," said Donaldson. "He got married." For the first time, the stranger looked startled. Donaldson explained, and the stranger gave a grin and remarked: "This is a terrible war."

"How did you know we were here?" asked McCormac.

"I only *ask* questions," the stranger said. "No one round here answers them. Come on, we can talk while we're walking."

The Guerrilla Camp

He led them along the trail, listening attentively to the account of the past few weeks, and then McCormac could not help asking where they were going. "I'm taking you to a bloke who's running a guerrilla show," the stranger said, and then started talking about other things, laconically and with a dry wit.

Neither McCormac nor Donaldson could make him out, because he spoke English like an Australian, and Javanese like a Javanese. He kept declaiming quaint and often ribald remarks, which, he said, were from Sheridan. (They never did find out who he was, either his name or his nationality. He said he was not Australian, but Donaldson was fairly sure he was.)

After about three hours they came to a small clearing in the jungle with about twenty bivouac tents and one larger one. The stranger gave a hail and a tall, blond man came out of the larger tent. He was dressed in Dutch army green and calf boots, with a revolver strapped to his waist. An ugly scar ran from the tip of his left eye to his mouth.

The guide said, "A couple from Singapore for you, Mannie." He spoke for a while in what McCormac thought was Dutch, and then turned, said laconically, "Good luck," and walked off back along the trail.

"I'll take you first," the scarred man said briskly, beckoning Donaldson into his tent. He interrogated them separately, presumably to see that their stories coincided, and afterwards he said, "You're all right. You can stay with us for a while. You can call me Mansfelt."

He did not tell them much about himself, but they gathered that evening that he was Dutch Eurasian and leader of a ragged band of forty-seven guerrillas. Some of them were out foraging at scattered kampongs and the rest were loafing about the clearing, a quiet, not over-clean collection of men, in green shorts and coloured shirts and singlets. Half were barefoot and the rest wore sandals, except for three Dutch or Eurasians who had calf boots like Mansfelt. The rest seemed to be Javanese.

Jap Garrison Raided

Some three days after they had joined Mansfelt there was a bustle in the camp and about thirty-five of the guerrillas formed up in an untidy line while Mansfelt inspected them. Half had rifles, one man had a tommy gun and the rest carried swords.

"We are going away for a couple of days," Mansfelt said to McCormac and Donaldson. "You will stay here with the rest." An elderly Dutchman left behind told McCormac that they were going to raid a small Jap garrison.

Three mornings later Mansfelt walked into the clearing out of the jungle followed by a straggling line of his men. They all looked tired and dirty, but they seemed to have several more rifles, some bags and food, and three teams of two men were carrying ammunition boxes in rope slings.

Mansfelt was happy about the ammunition. He said they had lost one man but killed eleven Japanese. Next morning they broke camp and marched for three days, mostly south-west, deeper into the country. "We always move a long way after a raid," Mansfelt explained.

That was the pattern of life for weeks until they could hardly remember any other life. Time hung heavily but with a persistent undertone of fear that never quite left them. Mansfelt said there were several other similar guerrilla bands and the Japanese hunted them all the time. It was not good, he said, to be caught.

Several times he led his band out on more raids and every time they moved camp soon after. Three or four more men did not come back, but Mansfelt claimed the raids had killed more than thirty Japanese. Nearly all of his men had rifles now and there were two more tommy guns.

McCormac spoke a lot to a quiet little Javanese, but Mansfelt told him crisply not to ask too many questions. He gathered that Mansfelt was a Dutch officer and the guerrillas had mostly been in the Netherlands Far East Army. Mansfelt kept fairly aloof from them and lived austerely himself, allowing no liquor in the party.

McCormac and Donaldson were now getting restless from doing nothing, but Mansfelt would give them no clue as to their future. He kept saying: "Be patient and perhaps something can be done."

The two kept asking him to take them on a raid, and finally he did so. They did not see much. The scouts came back from reconnaissance and led the party for most of one night and all the next day. At dusk they lay off on a hill overlooking a kampong which, Mansfelt said, sheltered a Japanese outpost of about twelve men. About midnight he told McCormac and Donaldson to stay where they were and led the rest of the party away.

A quarter of an hour later they heard shots and a lot of shouting, and after half an hour Mansfelt and his men filtered quietly back through the trees to the hilltop, carrying more ammunition. Mansfelt said with grim pleasure that they had wiped out the Japanese.

For some weeks the party had been working gradually south and the country was fairly open now, with only patches of jungle. Mansfelt woke them one morning, and with him was a stunted, wizened Javanese. "You are going off with this man," he said. "Do what he tells you and good luck."

"Where are we going?" asked McCormac, but all Mansfelt would say was, "You will find out soon." He brushed aside their thanks for his help, and an hour later they were following the guide across country.

Lived Like Natives

In all the days that followed the guide never said more than a dozen words to them. He regarded them dispassionately without being surly, but only grunted when McCormac asked a question.

They walked silently behind him, affected by the isolation and rarely speaking to each other, either; there seemed to be nothing to say and they had lost any feeling of time. Reality seemed so remote. For safety and disguise they had taken to wearing loincloths; at nights they lived like natives in various kampongs, tired and somewhat detached from their surroundings, and by day they walked, until one afternoon they came to a kampong and on the far side of it saw the sea.

The guide talked with the headman, and the headman steered the two to a hut and told them to rest, refusing to answer any questions except to say, "You will be taken on from here."

A woman brought them some rice and about an hour after dusk, as they were settling down to sleep, the headman walked in and said, "It is time to go." They followed him dumbly, exasperated by the mystery; he led them down to the water and they saw a fishing boat bobbing in the light surf of the shallows, with Javanese crewmen holding it steady. The headman pointed to it and said, "Good luck"; they splashed into the water and crawled on board.

Destination Unknowm

The boat was about twenty-five feet long, built like a junk, with a single mast, but with an outrigger for stability as it seemed to have a very shallow draft. The crew tumbled in after them, and a minute later they were moving out to sea.

Donaldson said querulously, "Where the hell are we going in this? There can't be any friendly land for a thousand miles."

McCormac asked the little Javanese, but they would not tell him, though he gathered they were off the south coast of Java and heading east.

Apparently they kept fairly close to the land, because as dawn came in the east they saw that the junk was nearing the shore, heading for a small kampong bordering the beach and hedged in by thick jungle. They spent the day in a hut there, in their usual state of numb acceptance, and after dusk were taken out again in the junk. Soon after dawn they beached at another kampong and after dusk put out to sea once more.

The sea stayed calm and the air was warm; McCormac found there was something hypnotic in the dull progress towards nowhere in particular. They

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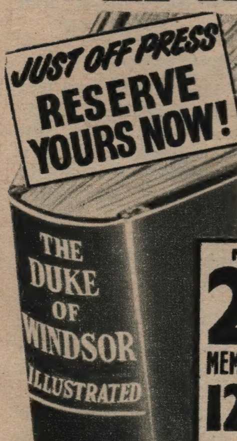

hardly bothered to wonder where they were going now, largely, McCormac thinks, because the idea of arriving somewhere definite was too much to grasp. Life was a vacuum; they were marking time with nothing to do and nothing to worry about. Donaldson said at one stage: "We ought to be able to keep out of the hands of the Japs for years," and that was about as far as their thinking took them.

That cosy thought took a sharp nudge from reality in the morning. The junk was heading into another kampong, as usual, when the Javanese started gabbling excitedly; the man at the steering oar pulled urgently at it and the junk swung about and headed out to sea again. McCormac asked the steersman what had happened and the little Javanese jerked a thumb towards the shore and said, "Japanese!"

Friend On The Shore

Somewhere about the sixth morning they landed at another kampong; a native led them towards a hut, and as they came up to it a man appeared in the doorway. He was very brown but not Javanese and, McCormac felt, not Dutch either. He was a little nuggety man in khaki shorts, with black hairs on his shoulders and chest, and in his hand at his side he held a slouch hat. He looked at them steadily and said in an Australian accent, "G'day. Where've you come from?"

McCormac told him; the man listened, looking keenly at them, and at the end he said, "That's pretty good. Glad to see you've made the grade. A thousand miles through jungle is a long way." He waved them through the door with his hat and they sat on a rope bunk inside.

"What's the form round here?" McCormac asked and could not for a moment believe he had heard properly when the man said, "I'll get in touch with Darwin and we'll get you out of here soon."

"*Darwin!*" Donaldson said. "How?"

"They've got to bring me some supplies, anyway."

"What are you doing here?" asked Donaldson.

"Mucking about," said the man, again deflecting the question. "Most of my mob have already gone—the ones who weren't bumped off."

"How long have you been here?"

"Go easy on the questions, mate," the man said. He himself asked some questions about Singapore and then suddenly said, "You'd better get some rest."

He called a native and told him to take the two to a hut. As they were going he added, "I'll send some tucker over to you." The food arrived soon after—tinned corned beef and, of all things, tinned cake that seemed to McCormac incredibly sweet.

A tropical storm swept over the kampong that night and the weather stayed bad for two days. Suddenly faced with a mysterious prospect of getting to Australia, both McCormac and Donaldson developed acute jitters. For weeks they had hardly even thought about getting to civilized and friendly land again; they had been living in the present, content to be out of Japanese hands and unable to understand that life might begin again. Suddenly the vague dream had taken shape and they still could not trust in it, being full of terror that at the last moment something would go wrong and the Japanese would get them again. They were nervous and miserable.

On the second night the Australian (who never gave them his name) took them to the shore to another small fishing boat, which may have been the same junk that had brought them along the coast. He told them to get in but stayed on the shore himself, and as the boat pulled out he yelled, "Lucky devils! Crack a bottle for me."

The little Javanese crewmen steered the boat straight out to sea, and after about three-quarters of an hour they threw out a sea anchor and started to fish. "What's happening?" McCormac asked, but all they would say was "Wait." So they waited, marooned in blackness, puzzled and exasperated and weary of all the mystery. The hours dragged by as they rolled in the swell listening to the slap of water against the hull.

That was the only sound they heard until, seven hours later, Donaldson cocked his head and said, "What's that?" McCormac heard it a moment later, the distant drone of an aeroplane, and after a few tense seconds they knew it was getting louder.

The Javanese had heard it and pulled in their lines; they sat very still looking up into the darkness. The engines became loud, then faded, returned, sounding over a wide patch, a disembodied drumming somewhere high in the night.

Suddenly a pin-prick of light flickered in the air. A Javanese in the boat clicked something, and McCormac saw him outlined in a brief soft glow from the torch he was holding towards the plane, shielding it with his body from the land.

A Safe Landing

From plane and torch there were two more quick exchanges, and then the engine note changed, two long beams flicked on to the sea a mile away and shrank as the bright white eyes behind them slid right down to the sea and then flicked off. McCormac could just hear the gentle idle of the engines. "Well, he's down in one piece," McCormac said, and noticed he was sweating.

The Javanese was giving little flicks with the torch and the quiet rumbling was coming nearer. A dark, hulking monster moved in the blackness towards them and then the little boat nudged against the hull. A door in the monster snapped open and framed in dim light stood a man in shorts. A

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voice said, "Come on, make it snappy!"

McCormac said urgently, "Hallo. Are you taking us back?"

"Who's that?" said a startled voice.

After that it was confused. McCormac vaguely remembers some more words and stumbling, and then he was in the belly of the Catalina with Donaldson, and a couple of young Australian Air Force men were staring at their beards and loin-cloths. Others were passing boxes out through the hatch into the fishing boat, and then the door was shut. The engines roared up again, and then they were away.

They gave a jerky account of what had happened to them; it was difficult to talk in the plane, and McCormac found he could hardly be bothered to try. He remembers that he stirred after a while and asked what the date was, and one of the Australians said, "Tuesday the sixteenth."

"The sixteenth of what?" asked McCormac, and the Australian looked startled and said, "September. What did you think it was?"

September! That was five months since the break from Singapore. McCormac thought dully for a few moments and said, "I didn't know. The papers haven't been delivered very regularly in the jungle lately." The Australian brought out a bottle of whisky and said, "We ought to parade you jokers through Darwin."

Thought Wife Was Lost

After that they slept nearly all the twelve hours till they landed at Darwin and found—as many returning prisoners have found—that they did not feel happy at all, only lightheaded and confused and queer. It was over, that was all, but just for the moment there was nothing in its place; they could not get hold of life again.

They began to think sensibly again about forty-eight hours later, and it was then that the postponed grief about the fate of his wife, Pat, hit McCormac, because then it became part of his life again. She had been evacuated shortly before Singapore had fallen, and McCormac had been told by the Japs that her ship, the *Wakefield*, had been sunk. They had been expecting a baby at the time she left.

In faint hope he kept asking about the *Wakefield* but no one knew what had happened to her, and that made it rather obvious. No survivors.

A month later in Ceylon, on his way back to England, he was still confused. He still felt outside ordinary life and had become rather solitary. In the R.A.F. mess at Kogala he picked up an overseas copy of the *Daily Mail*, and on the front page was a picture of Pat. She was holding a baby in her arms, and the little story with the picture said that she was calling the baby Dawn because she was born at dawn as the troopship from Singapore was nearing England.

His Grim Souvenir

McCormac was decorated with the D.C.M. and commissioned after the escape, and worked then on teaching other airmen the ways of escape in the jungle.

In 1945, with a very good grip on life, he was back in Singapore as a squadron leader on Mountbatten's staff. Whilst he was there Mountbatten gave him a sword. It had belonged to a Jap Kempei-Tai (secret police) officer in Singapore, and McCormac kept it as a grim reminder of Teruchi, the Kempei-Tai man who had tortured him in prison.

McCormac uses it today to hack at the brambles in his garden at Welling, Kent. Pat, his wife, hates the sight of it, Dawn could not care less, but his two young boys think it is magnificent.

"Escape—Or Die" by Paul Brickhill will be published in book form next week by Evans at 15s. Further true adventure stories from this book, which has been written from the authentic records of the R.A.F. Escaping Society, will appear in later issues of John Bull.

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 23 is of Sir Ralph Richardson as a child.

FINAL BIRTHDAY OFFER

THE only newspaper competition ever to have a 40th Birthday is *Bullets*, in which JOHN BULL readers have won well over £1,500,000!

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated November 1, and in JOHN BULL, dated November 8), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, October 25, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,855 result.)

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

Voice Of America
Life's Riches
The Red Cross
To Help The Housewife
Milestones
Man Who Loves Work
Beneath The Mask
If We Don't Look Out
Most Unparliamentary
Broke All The Rules
Human Guinea-pig
Fenced In
Feed The Brute And
Alfie's Guy
Patched And Darned
Glass Of Beer
Dead Easy
Like A Rocket
Gibberish
Playing Second Fiddle

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

The........................In Us
To Satisfy.....................
Nothing But A...............
With The Foreman's......
As If He Were...............
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£25: H. Simpson, 7 West Lodge Avenue, Acton, W.3: MOTHER'S PRECIOUS — MOMENT — "SLEEP, MY PRECIOUS!"

OTHER AWARDS. £10: F. Bond, 14 Weymoor Road, Harborne, Birmingham: WHAT SCIENCE HAS DONE—GIVEN US *Problem Servant*! £9: C. W. Furmston, 21 Nab Hill Avenue, Leek, Staffs: HOLLOW—CHEEKS—NEAR "HUNGRY" *Ears*. £8: J. W. Vann, 4 Charnwood Avenue, Whetstone, Leicester: SHE'S ECONOMIZING, SO—" DRAWS ON STOCKING" SLOWLY. £7: D. H. Colclough, 49 Charminster Road, Bournemouth: NOT ONE TO CHASE—" RAINBOWS," PLODDER—PLANNING "SUNRISE." £6: J. Vick, c/o 9 Council Houses, Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne: REDS IN THE FACTORY—OR "RUST" IN MANAGEMENT? £5: Mrs. S. Kitchen, 59 Fitzwilliam Avenue, Wath-on-Dearne, Nr. Rotherham: NOT ONE TO DAZZLE—WIFIE, BUT "GLOW" WARMING. £5: Mrs. E. M. Wallis, 3 Winstanley Road, Wellingborough: UNTIL HE LIFTED — BONNET, DAD'S MECHANIC *Laughing*!

10 Prizes of £2 10s., 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

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INSTRUCTIONS: First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Oct. 25.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword No. 807, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

XWORD 802 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Food. 3, Pomp. 7, Skip. 10, Rack. 11, Wit. 13, Decide. 14, Ban. DOWN: 1, Fop. 2, Oases or Oasis. 4, Maps. 5, Rime. 6, Ball. 8, Busied. 9, Tail. 12, Rain.

TWO £100 SHARERS (entries differing at one point only from Competitors' Answers above): B. D. Beal, 46 Meadow Road, Kettering; Mrs. Z. Young, 62 Bridge Street, Pershore, Worcs. Winners also share £25 Holiday Cash.

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Across Clues **XWORD 807**

1. Cost of, depends to some extent on number of pieces
3. The wild acrobatics of one playing this may fail to amuse some people
4. It's natural for high-spirited one sometimes to kick over the traces
5. Is cruel if you're up against it
7. Can sincerely flatter an artist
10. These are sometimes ragged and woolly
12. It's perhaps natural to think of as bright
13. In your local ones you may never see rollers

Down Clues

1. A man's a mug to be deceived by
2. Is capable of causing bit of a row
6. Average wife today insists on her
8. Can be sold pretty easily
9. Garden shed is often handy place for
10. One is relatively easy to cross
11. The way it grows can give gardener a great deal of extra work

1S	U	I	2T		▨	3G	O	A	
P	S	▨	A	▨	M	A	R	L	▨
O	E	▨	4B		Y	▨	5B	A	
O	S	L	O	▨	▨	6	▨	M	▨
	▨	▨		▨	7F	A		E	▨
▨	A	8B	▨	▨	A	Y	▨	D	9P
10C	L	O	U		S	▨	11M	A	L
O	B	O	E	▨	T	▨		▨	A
	▨		▨	S	E	▨	12S		N
807	▨	13S	T	O	R		S	▨	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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XWORD 807

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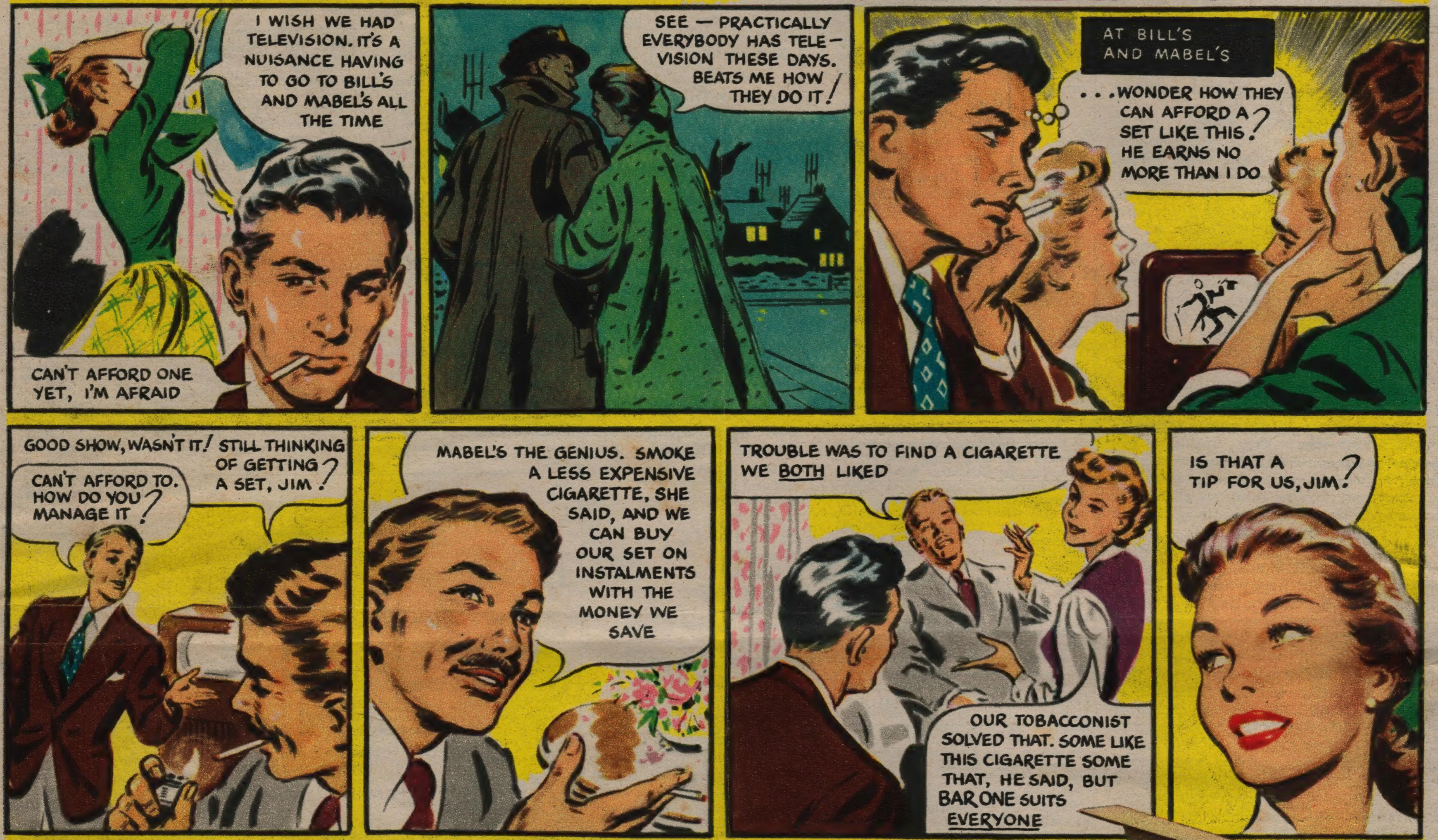
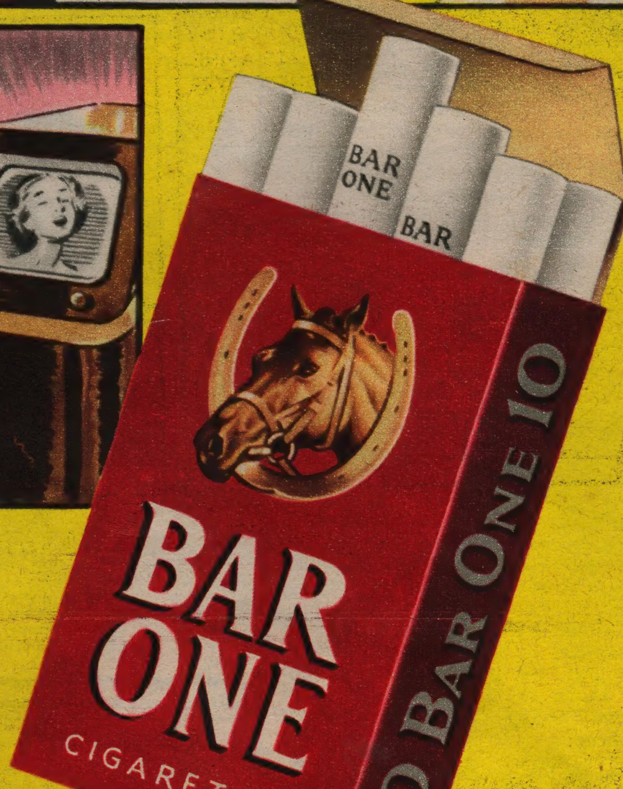
Neighbours with vision!

Jim and Margaret learn to have their cake and eat it.


I WISH WE HAD TELEVISION. IT'S A NUISANCE HAVING TO GO TO BILL'S AND MABEL'S ALL THE TIME
CAN'T AFFORD ONE YET, I'M AFRAID
SEE — PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY HAS TELEVISION THESE DAYS. BEATS ME HOW THEY DO IT!
AT BILL'S AND MABEL'S
. . . WONDER HOW THEY CAN AFFORD A SET LIKE THIS? HE EARNS NO MORE THAN I DO
GOOD SHOW, WASN'T IT! STILL THINKING OF GETTING A SET, JIM?
CAN'T AFFORD TO. HOW DO YOU MANAGE IT?
MABEL'S THE GENIUS. SMOKE A LESS EXPENSIVE CIGARETTE, SHE SAID, AND WE CAN BUY OUR SET ON INSTALMENTS WITH THE MONEY WE SAVE
TROUBLE WAS TO FIND A CIGARETTE WE BOTH LIKED
OUR TOBACCONIST SOLVED THAT. SOME LIKE THIS CIGARETTE SOME THAT, HE SAID, BUT BAR ONE SUITS EVERYONE
IS THAT A TIP FOR US, JIM?
TWO WEEKS LATER
IT WAS A TIP FOR US! BAR ONE ARE A FINE SMOKE, AND THEY'RE SAVING US OVER 10/- A WEEK — ENOUGH FOR THE INSTALMENTS ON OUR TELEVISION SET
NOW WE ENJOY SMOKING AND TELEVISION, TOO — THANKS TO BAR ONE


BAR ONE
BAR
BAR ONE
CIGARETTES
10 BAR ONE 10

Bar One

All over the country, people who used to buy standard size cigarettes are saving money by changing to Bar One. Thanks to clever blending and shrewd tobacco buying, Bar One have that satisfying, quality-flavour that suits *all* tastes. It's just the right cigarette, of the right size, at the right price.

the new favourite at ten for 1/4d

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